

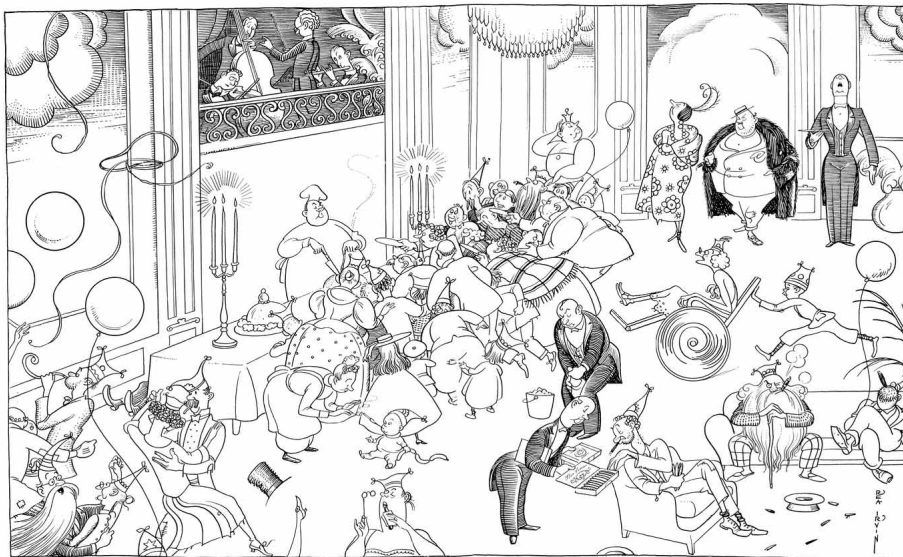


"But, mother dear, they'd never dream of having a hurricane down there during the real season."



“Oh, look! There’s what’s-her-name who made such a hit in that play last winter—you know the one I mean!”

“Why, so it is!”



SURPRISES OF THE SOCIAL SEASON
Oil is Struck Under the Mills Hotel



"How's Florence?"

"Oh, she's all right—only she's letting her hair grow."



ORVILLE VAN THEIVIG BEGINS HIS HOME WORK FOR
THE SEASON AT LAKE PLACID



THE LULLABY



“Old? Goodness! YOU’RE not old!”



“So I gives the vendor me nickel an’ says: ‘Ere, ’ave yuh got anything in the shape of an ice cream cone’—so he ’ands me one, an’ jus’ then they fires a salute, an’—whoops!—it popped right outa me ’and!”



*“George, dear, which color do you like me in—
bois de rose or geranium petal?”*



THAT N'CE NEW YELLOW LICENSE PLATE



*“The trouble is, if you want to play really good bridge
you’ve simply got to put your mind on it.”*

“Yeah, it hardly seems worth while.”



“—and I also find positive symptoms of cornuoptic hydrocephalus complicated with a trabulated hyperanemia of the Bivonian passage.”

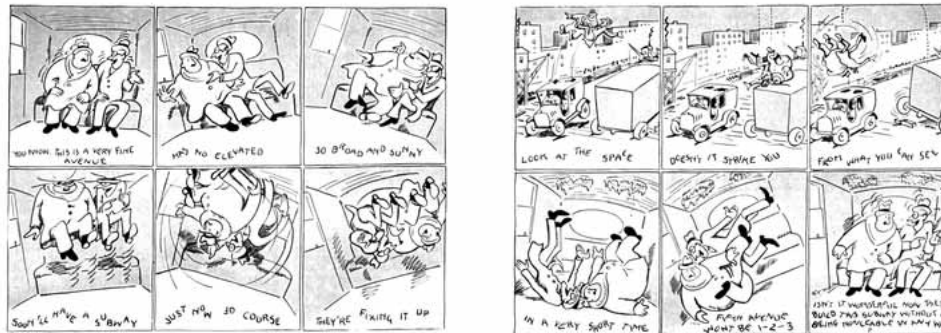
“Why doctor! I had no idea!”





“Isn’t that cute? They’re playing ‘One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us.’”

“Yes, I like anything whimsical.”



THE EIGHTH AVENUE REAL ESTATE MAN AND HIS PROSPECT



“—only play heavy stuff—don’t play no kid stuff a-tall.”



"Come on, Ed, this dinner is on me."



"I'm gonna show me profile, dearie!"

"Profile? Whoops—I ain't even takin' me coat off!"



*"I am returning this wool underwear.
It's too irritating for Willie."*



*“Bob, I’m worried about Gladys—
she seems almost too maternal for three.”*





“Fortunate find yesterday. A first edition of ‘Penguin Island.’”

“Splendid! Now you’ll have something to read.”



“Where did you say you went to college?”

“I went to Oxford.”

“Oh—that’s where you got that lovely Harvard accent.”



"Mamma, Helen said I was only a harmless flirt!"



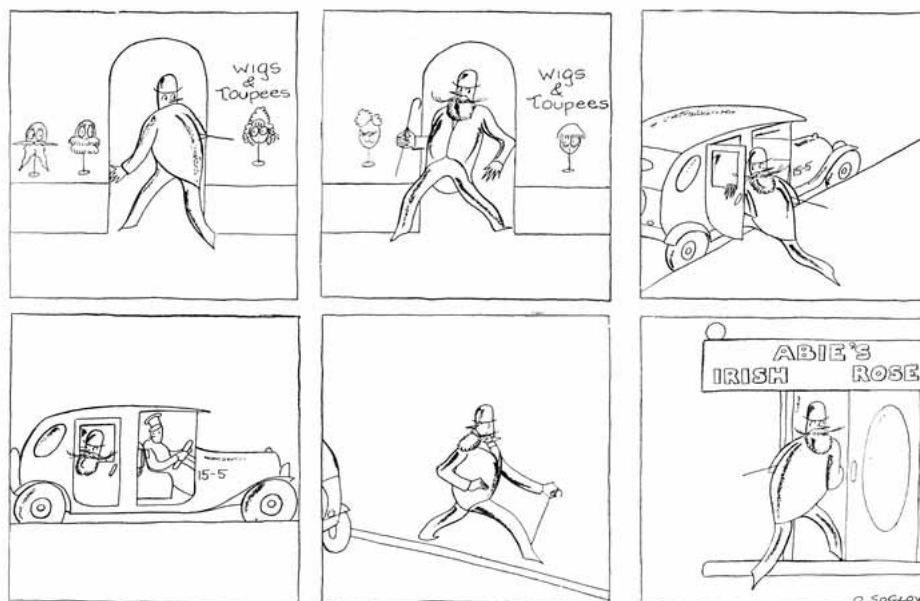
*“Darling, you must dance with the hostess.
Someone’s sure to cut in on you.”*

*“Yeah, I will. I have three men,
already, who said they’d consider it.”*



“And you did like the pearls I sent you?”

“Oh, perfectly darling! Fifi fank nice daddy for pitty pearls.”





“We hate to mix business with pleasure, Mr. Steen, but has anything been done yet about that can-opener order yet?”



*“—And this is our operating room,
where we do all the broadcasting.”*

*“Operatin’ room? Whoops—
I don’t see no appendix!”*

*“’Ush up, dearie! They’ll be
hearin’ yuh in Buffalo!”*



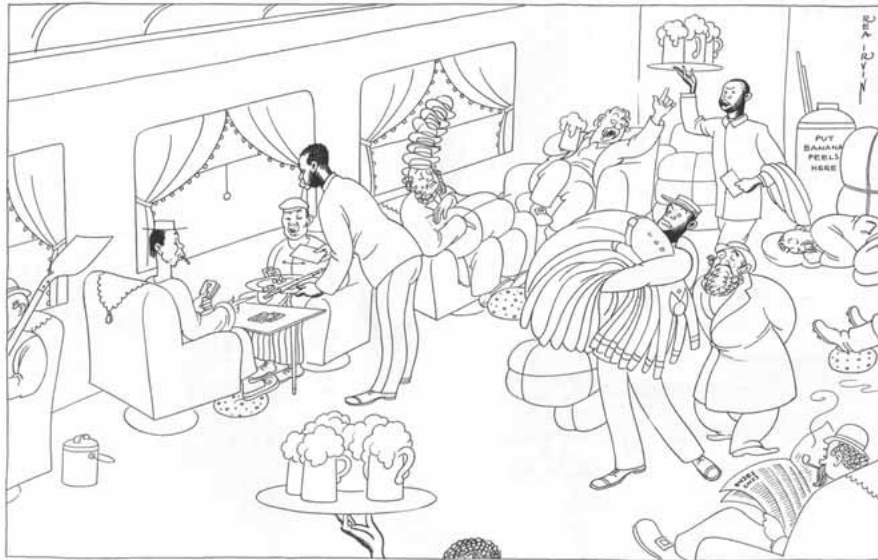
*"No refund? Then let me speak
with Mr. Altman, please."*



*“You’re a mean, stingy thing, and no gentleman—
even if you do live on Park Avenue!”*



"Mrs. Astor be damned, Pete. Go ahead an' dip yer roll in yer coffee."

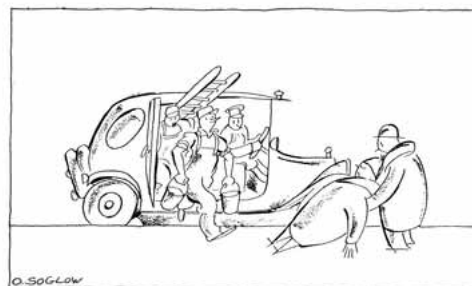
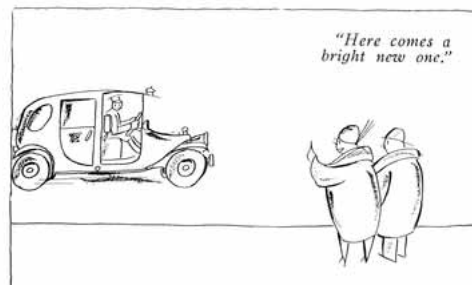
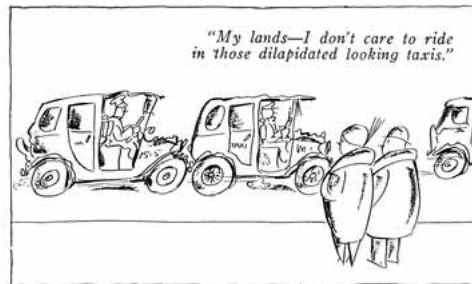


SURPRISES OF THE SOCIAL SEASON
THE THIRD AVENUE ELEVATED PUTS ON A CLUB CAR





"Pardon me. Is this the I.R.T. or the B.M.T.?"





*“—and now daddy says we must get
rid of this perfectly stunning Batisse.”*

“Good gracious! Why?”

“Well, you know what watermelon does to him!”



"Well, believe me, girls, I always let a man think I'm dumb!"



*A house in Hampshire with
plenty of agreeable-looking animals. . . .*



“Pour le Sport”



“Lordy, I’ll bet the poor little thing’s freezin’!”

“Whoops! Throw ’er yer beads, sweetheart!”



“How was the party, Eloise?”

“Well—let me see—how was it?”



“Y’know, it always takes a bit of snow to make one feel it’s winter.”



*“My dear, he’s absolutely thrilling!
Wherever did you find him?”*

“Oh, he’s an import!”



“Emma, now, in our declining years, when our needs are so simple, don’t you think we could advance a small sum to my brother, at a nominal interest?”





*“Upstairs to the right,” he murmured,
sweeping the floor with his plumed chapeau.*



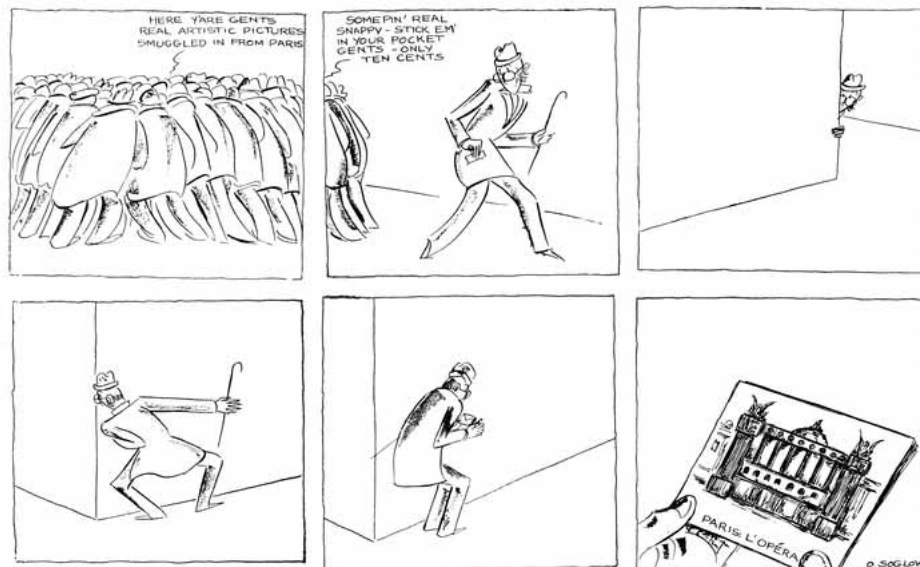
*“Darling, will you reach behind you on
the fire-escape and get the champagne?”*



“Operator, if a slightly intoxicated man with a deep voice calls this number again, will you please tell him it’s out of order?”

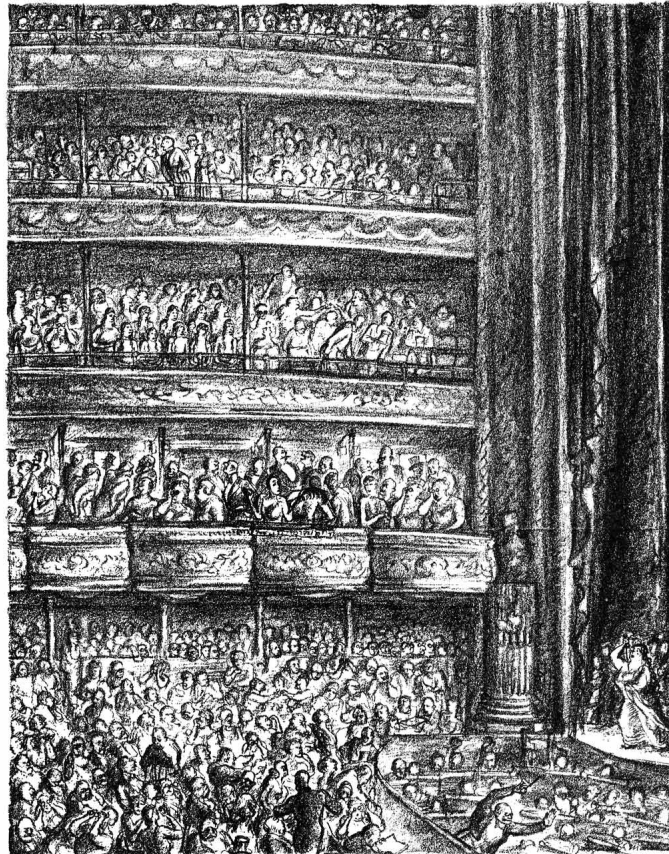


"Ain't that the hell of a note?—no snow."





"I don't want this dress, mother, it makes me look demure."



The Lady in the Box: "Look, Horace, this is cute."



*“Turn 'er, y' blinkin' canary!
Turn 'er, or we're dead uns!”*

*“O-o-o-oh, Lordy! I can't turn 'er.
Whoops! Mind the tombstone!”*



“This piece took twenty minutes.”

“Yes, five longer than the last one.”



PRESIDENT COOLIDGE DREAMS OF AN OFFICIAL RECEPTION
THAT WILL MAKE MAYOR WALKER GIVE UP RECEPTIONS FOREVER



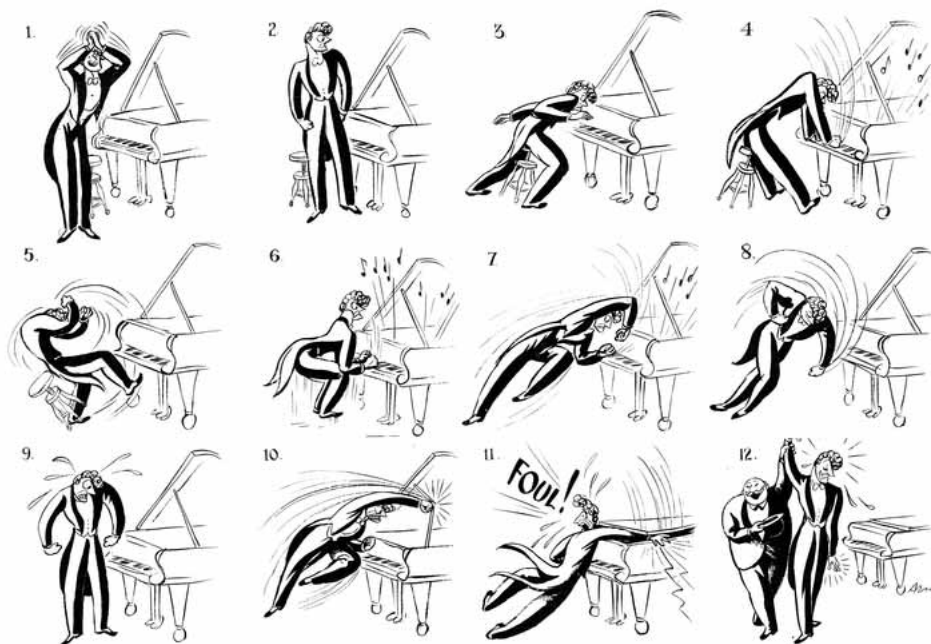
“This jam is frightful. It’ll take us half an hour to go the remaining fifty feet.”

“Oh, dear, I’ve half a mind to walk.”



“My dear, I’m afraid I’m just playing at life.”

“Got any tricks?”



THE IMPRESSIONABLE PIANIST WHO HAD BEEN TO A PRIZE FIGHT

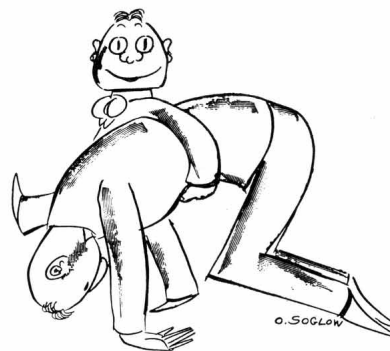


“Oh-h-h! Did you hear that?”

*“That’s nothing—wait till you hear
the word they use in the second act!”*



CUBAN (*visiting Lake Placid*): “*Why—that’s a lie!*”





"Cape Cods or Blue Points?"

*"I must have Blue Points.
We have a terribly small apartment."*



"I'll take a 'Love Nest,' please."



“So I opens th’ door, an’ there’s this Eye-talian standin’ outside. Are yuh troubled by insect pests?’ he asks me. Can y’ imagine th’—”

“Lordy! The nerve of ’im!”

*“So I answers ’im. ‘You’re the first,’ I says, an’—whoops!—he slips gentle-like right down the banister, without so much as a by-
yer-leave. Whoops! I thought I’d have a convolution!”*



THE NEWSBOY WHO THREW THE "SUNDAY TIMES" ON THE PORCH

MIDWINTER DOG DAYS (I OF 5)



“Did you get a good picture of my little girl?”

MIDWINTER DOG DAYS (2 OF 5)



"Junior! Come here!"

MIDWINTER DOG DAYS (3 OF 5)



MIDWINTER DOG DAYS (4 OF 5)



“Tck! Tck! Look at funny, funny man!”

MIDWINTER DOG DAYS (5 OF 5)



WIRE-HAIR: *"Suppose it'll ever amount to anything?"*



“Oh, men are all right, I guess—if you have patience.”



“Say, sister—I could be fond of you in a big way.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”



REHEARSING THE COUGHERS
BEFORE A BROADWAY OPENING



*"Hey, ma, look outa the winda!
Mike don't believe yer cross-eyed."*

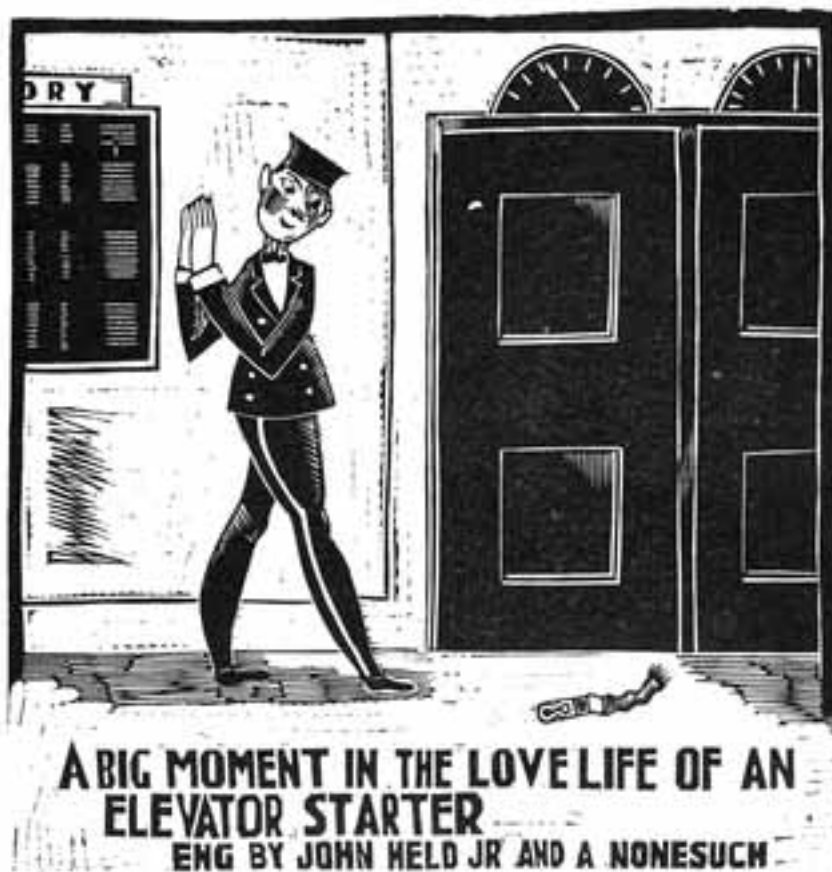


*"Invite the Wigginses? Good God,
Winnie, they aren't cultured."*



“Oh gor! Save me! ’E’s comin’ this way!”

*“Lordy, I’m plumb historical! Wait,
I’ll nab ’im in me muff—whoops!”*





THE DUET

*Mr. Twimble on the Comb, accompanied by
Mr. Josef Hofmann on the Recording Piano.*



*“—and then after she’s had a year at
Columbia she’s going to be a dramatic critic.”*

“Don’t you just adore that in a child?”



*“Cheese! I suppose this snowstorm will cost us
around two or three million dollars.”*



*“Lady, will you give a poor, starvin’ man a san’wich,
and can you wrap it up in an Evenin’ Post?
I want to read Carter Glass’ article.”*



“Whee-ee, I’m the Juggernaut. Whee-ee, I’m crashing through your old landmarks, weep your oceans of sentimental tears, wee-ee. Down with your turreted and pinnacled fripperies of the dull nineties. Clear the air, shoot up the new towers of glass and steel—up, up with the sky-reaching, cloud-kissing skyscrapers, up, up, whee-ee-e!”



“Now, let’s see—haven’t you something with more life to it?”



“What is it, Mother?”

“Sh-h. It’s a business worry.”



"Delightful simplicity, hasn't it?"

"Ah, yes, madam, our Puritan ancestors were much simpler than we are."

LAKE PLACID WEEKENDS (I OF 4)



LAKE PLACID WEEKENDS (2 OF 4)



LAKE PLACID WEEKENDS (3 OF 4)



LAKE PLACID WEEKENDS (4 OF 4)





SURPRISES OF THE SOCIAL SEASON

The Salvation Army makes some converts at the Ritz



*"Yeh—this 'ere is
the i-dential
bush they found
the bloody 'atchet
under—"*



*"—'an 'ere's the
spot where the
body wuz found,
an' they say when
th' doctor tried t'
make the
autropsy, it wuz
all he c'd do t'—"*



*"—Whoops! Pipe
the pretty dy-sies!
Strike me, if
Spring ain't
'ere—"*

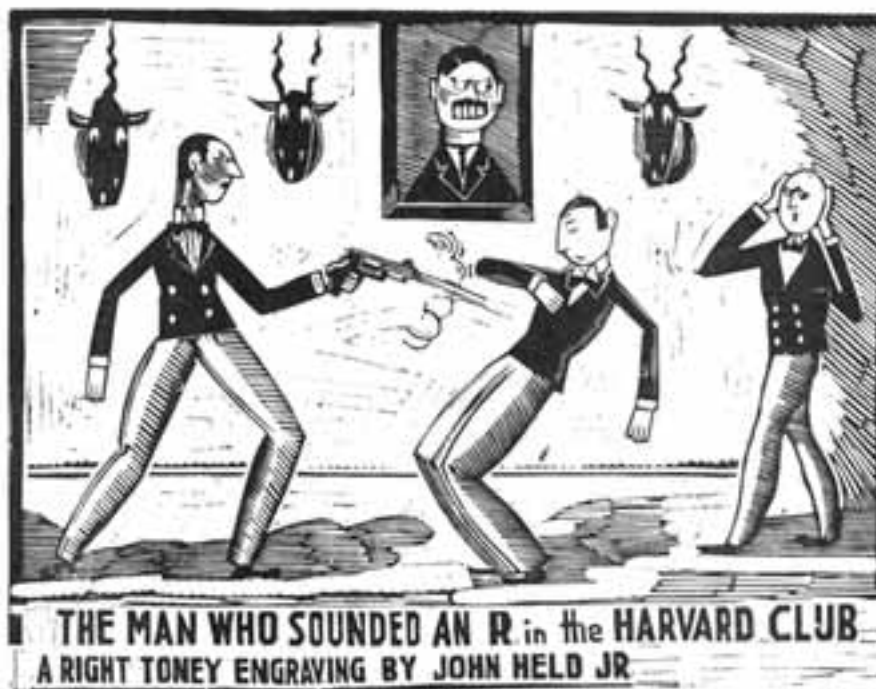


*"—Tra-la-a-a-
a—WHOOPS!"*



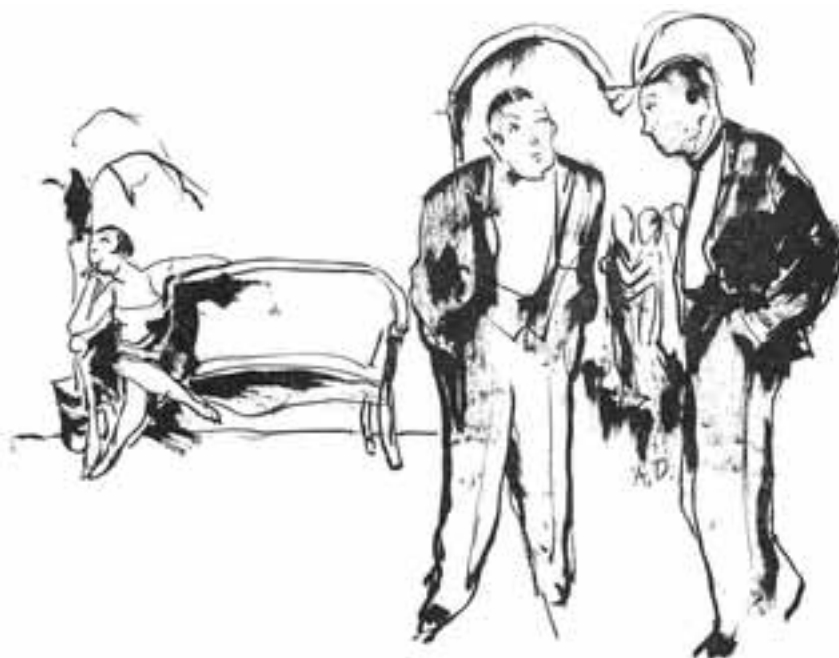


*"You're like a lovely flower tonight, darling—
everyone's looking at you."*



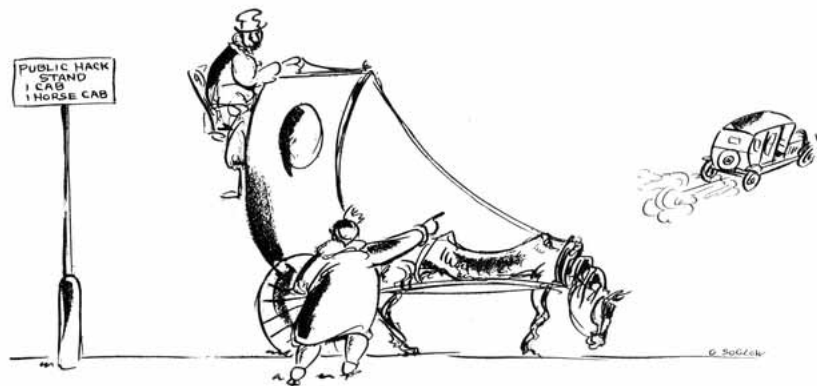


EARN WHILE YOU LEARN



“What’s the trouble with Esther now?”

*“Oh, another spirit communication.
She’s sitting out this dance with Valentino.”*



"Follow that cab!"



*"These are Proper Chiffon, madame.
They'll wear you awful good."*

“THE KING’S HENCHMAN” (1 OF 3)



“Rise now in dream, yet nothing dim—”

“THE KING’S HENCHMAN” (2 OF 3)



“O deep wood—be kinsman to our love!”

“THE KING’S HENCHMAN” (3 OF 3)



“And now, Aethelwold, wilt thou pledge me?”



"Help! Help! Police!"



"Help! Help! Police!"



"Help! Help! Police!"



“Madame, have you any liquor in that trunk?”
“No, young man, and I don’t want to buy any either!”



*“Come, darling—imitate Raquel
Meller for Mrs. Oglethorpe.”*



The Herring-bone System



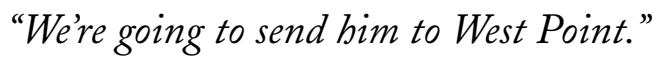
"Sss-s-s-s-s-s!!"

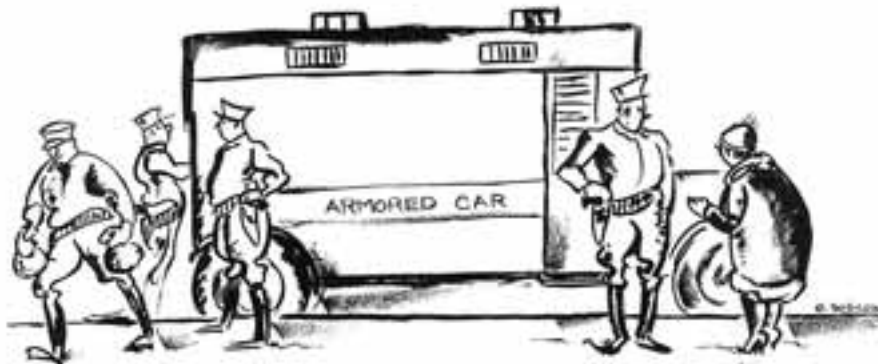
"SSSS-s-s-s-s-s-s!!!!"



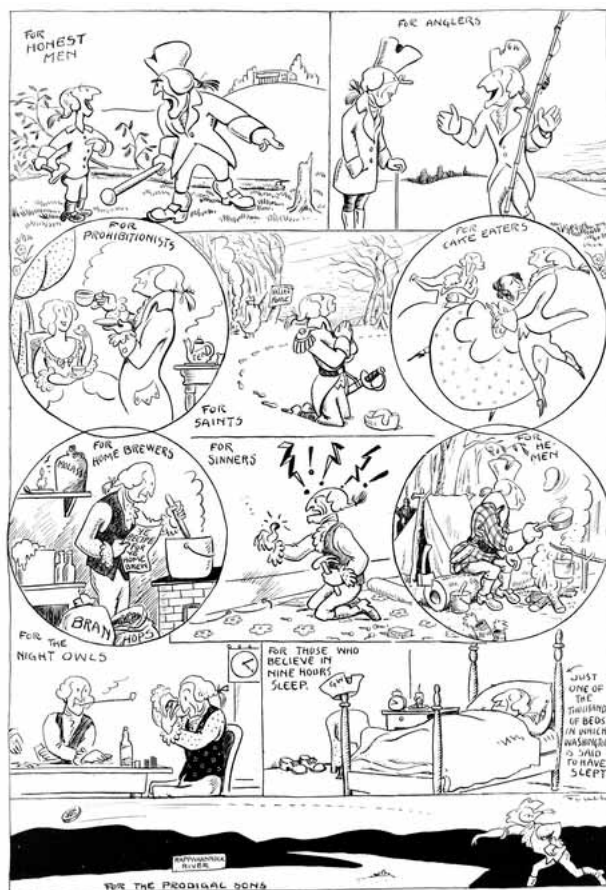
*"Lordy, y' can't even give 'em a
bit o' honest criticism any more.
I thought her delivery was very
poor—the hussy!"*

*"Is this a time for raucous rye-
baldry, y' dizzy mink?"*





"Pardon me, but can you give me the change of a dime?"



EVERYBODY'S WASHINGTON



*“Yes, I decided to let it grow. Long hair makes
a woman so much more mysterious, my dear!”*



"But, officer, do you know who I am?"



*“Tell me, my dear Professor, do you prefer the Hephaestian
ideas of classical prosody to the more modern, let us say,
Teutonic metrical composition?”*

“Well, what I really like is a plain glass of beer.”



“But, dearie, you want to look collegiate, don’t you?”

“Heavens, no! I go to college.”

WHITE DAYS IN THE PARK (I OF 3)



“Cheese it, Mame, the signal’s against us.”

WHITE DAYS IN THE PARK (2 OF 3)



“Go faster, pop.”

WHITE DAYS IN THE PARK (3 OF 3)



“Yoho, darling!”



“Now ye want to put yer weight behind yer punch. I’ll show ye.”



“My dear, you’re looking stunning—how do you do it?”



“My dear, why are you wearing those lovely pearls at breakfast?”

“Oh, these are nothing—just my little sports pearls.”

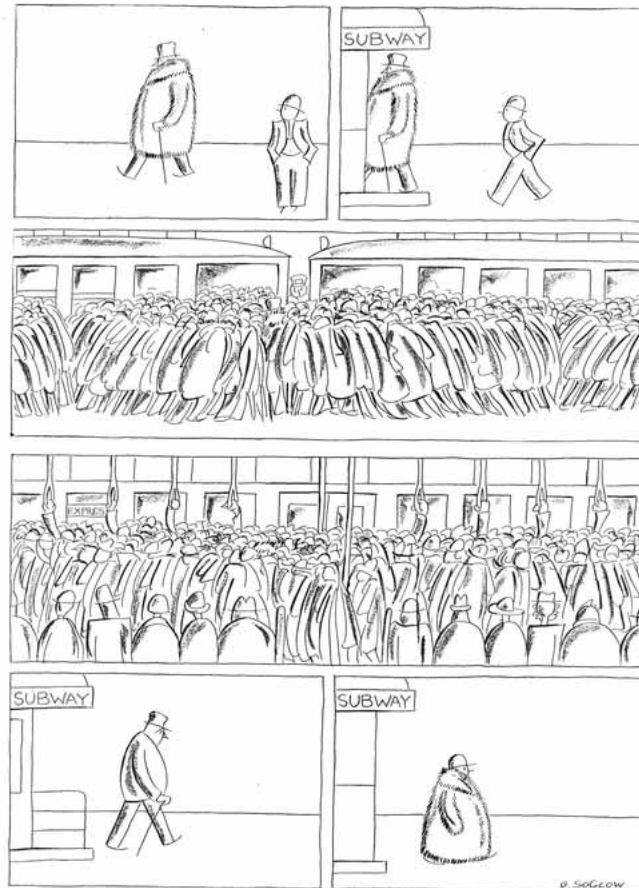


“My dear, you simply must buy some longer stockings.”



"I hope, Gladys, you didn't eat too much candy at the party."

"Holy smoke, mamma, was there candy?"





"Wull, wull, wull! Ain't seen you two in a dawg's age! Mustn't mind my little 'Orace— 'e's jus' playful, y' know."

"Oh, Lordy— 'e don't bother us a bit! No-o-o-o-o!"



"Would y' mind keepin' yer eye on 'em for a minute while I go in the five-and-ten? So sweet o' yuh."

"Gor! Don't mention it, dearie. It's a pleasure!"



"Now-w-w-w . . . !"



"Whoops! Does 'e float, dearie?"



"Maybe she thinks this is a bloomin' Park Avenue place."



THE UPPER CRUST

"Don't go to that part of France—it's been ruined by the tourists."



"Lafayette, we are here."



“Yes . . . you know it would be cheap if it weren’t so frightfully expensive.”



*“My dear, I definitely know that she wore
galoshes before galoshes were being worn.”*



ILLUSTRATOR'S WIFE (*helpfully reading manuscript to him*):
*"Now here's an episode where three people are killed in an
 automobile accident. That ought to be nice for a picture."*



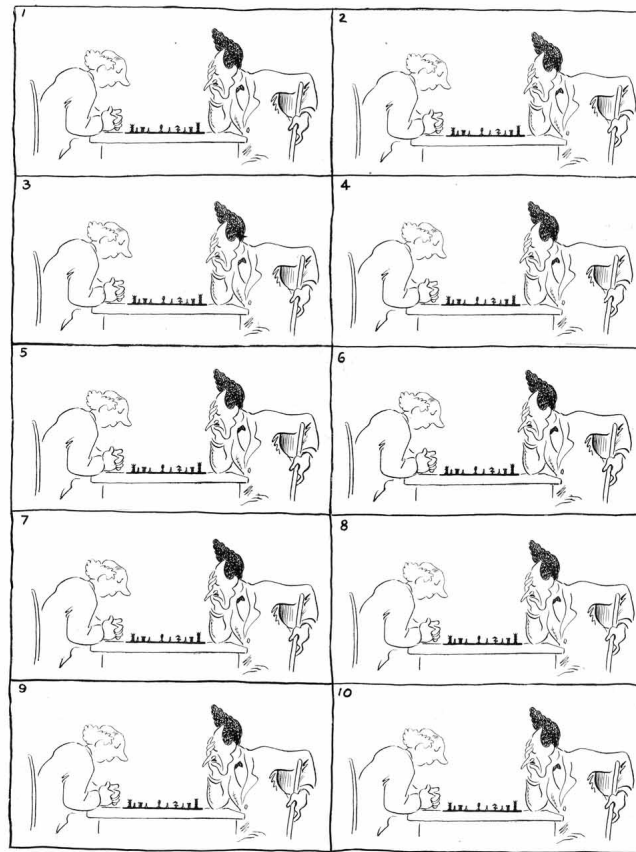
"May I have the pleasure—?"

"Who? Me?"





*“No sir! I better not catch any son
o’ mine in one of these night clubs.”*



THE CHAMPIONSHIP

*A Slow-Motion Picture, by our own
Mr. Grantland Rice, of the International Chess Match.*



"I don't suppose you know where Cartier's is?"



“Now we can say we’ve seen Kreisler.”



"I saw a robin today, honey."



*"It has that soft, motherly look, with just
enough of the woman of the world."*



*“‘No’ on the first; ‘no’ on the second; ‘yes’ on the third.
Is there anything else? Call from my wife? ‘No’ on that.”*



ASK ME ANOTHER!



“... at nine o'clock tomorrow morning.”



MUSIC CRITIC: *"How now! Why isn't she with the 'Met'?"*

ANOTHER: *"Psh-sh! She can't make the weight."*

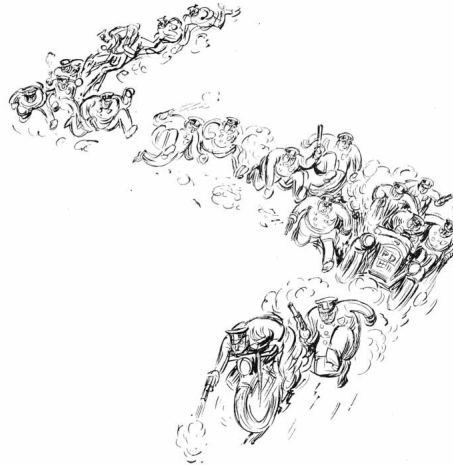


“Sure, I remember you. You were my instructor in Personal Magnetism.”

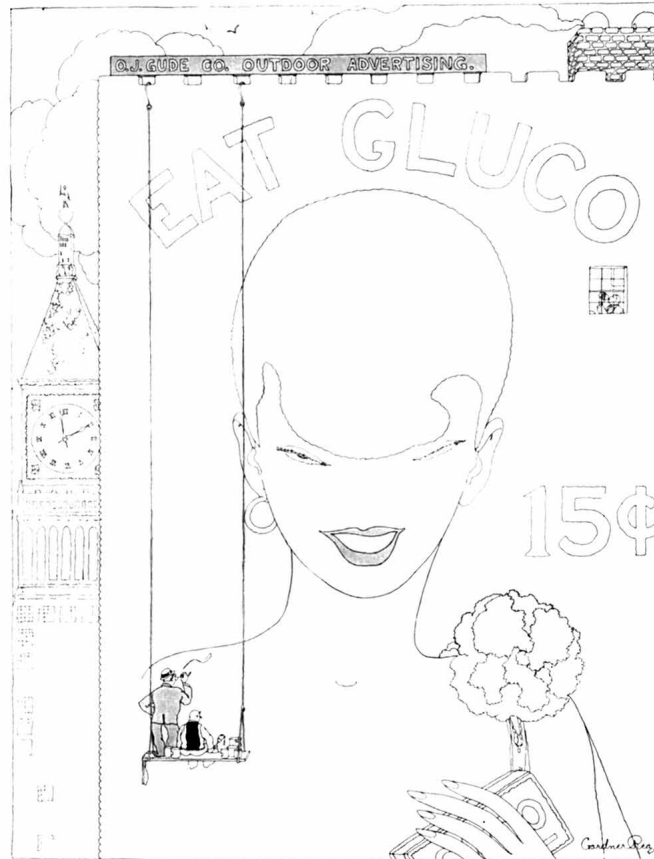


THE UPPER CRUST

"I simply can't decide what to give up for Lent."



*“Y’know, Jawn, the older I get,
the more and more do I miss
a college education.”*



CRITICAL FRIEND: *"I dunno, Bill, it just ain't got the right amount o' je-ne-sais-quoi. If it was me, I'd take another coupla foot off that lower lip."*



"Rather fancy figure fer a man, ain't 'e?"

"Whoops!—wonder 'ow Mr. Ziegfeld 'appened t' miss 'im!"



"'Ere!! What's the idear? Can't a girl see a bit o' life without you stickin' yer oar in?"

"G'wan! Is that a place for a lady? Dintcha see 'e wuz just about t' disrobe in front o' yer eyes? Lordy, ye're incorrigible, practically!"



"Have you Ed Pinaud's Eau de Quinine?"
"No, but how about a nice copy of 'The Nation'?"



“As you can see, my dear, I’m hardly taking a rag with me.”

THE FLOWER SHOW (2 OF 2)



Hardy Annuals

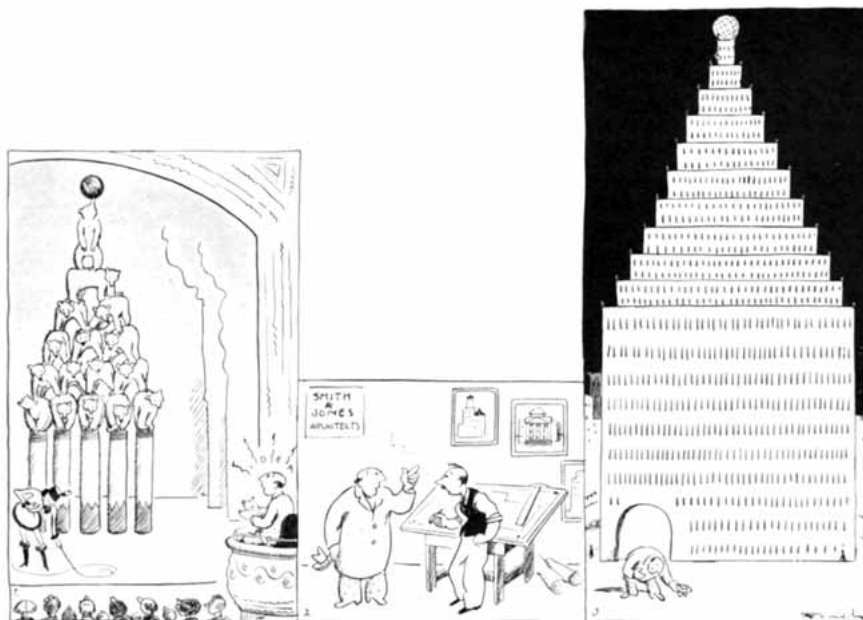


“You know, I’ve about decided to let my eyebrows grow.”

“Well, for cat’s sake! What for?”



“Ask me another.”



ARCHITECTURAL ORIGINS



*“Gracious, can’t you walk a little faster,
Doris? Mother’s in a hurry.”*



SOCIAL ERRORS

The man who poured his own water at the Bankers' Club.



“Now have you any of those chewy little jiggers with the holes?”



"G'wan, dearie, make a pass at it."

"Oh, I dunno. If it looked a bit more like 'Orace, I'd enjoy takin' a few smacks. Let's have a peek at some o' the picture machines—my treat."



"Treat me eye! It's education I'm after."
"WHOOOPS!!!"

"Control yourself, sweetheart. Now this li'l episode 'ere—"



"Whoops! Mind the cop!"



*“No imagination, eh? Well, I’ve got enough imagination
to know how much I’m losing every day by loafing
down here in these damn gondolas.”*



WOULD-BE RAFFLES: *Th' rest's a
pipe! All I gotta do now's mingle
unpurceived wit' th' guests!*



THE AUCTION AT THE WHITNEY CLUB

"I have five; do I hear six?"

A black and white illustration. On the left, a man in a long, light-colored coat and a dark hat walks towards the right. He is carrying a book or folder under his arm. Next to him is a child in a trench coat, a hat, and patterned socks, also walking towards the right. On the right side of the illustration, a man in a dark suit is sitting at a desk, looking towards the left. There are several books or papers on the desk. The background is simple, with some vertical lines suggesting a wall or a doorway.

Arthur, the child book worm, has selected some Dickens and Thackeray for his weekend in the country.

SOME CLOSE-UPS OF THE FINE ART OF BOOKLOVING (2 OF 4)



*A genus of the species bookbore, who owns
a Booke Shoppe in the Village and prescribes
something Russian while you are looking in
vain for the April "Red Book."*

SOME CLOSE-UPS OF THE FINE ART OF BOOKLOVING (3 OF 4)



Portrait of a lady discovering James Branch Cabell.

SOME CLOSE-UPS OF THE FINE ART OF BOOKLOVING (4 OF 4)



Undoubtedly an authority and a fiend, but never a buyer.



"Five minutes in this block so far—might as well walk."



"Did the office call up?"



"Make it a coupla Wildflowers, chief!"



SURPRISES OF THE SOCIAL SEASON
Max Rosenblatt, 412 Bowery, stages a spring fashion show.



"It's all right, mother; it's only an engagement present anyway."



"That's something you haven't got at the Yale Club."

"But we have a walrus head. The Harvard Club hasn't got a walrus head."

"Oh, yes we have."

"Where is your walrus head?"

"Upstairs in the walrus room, of course."

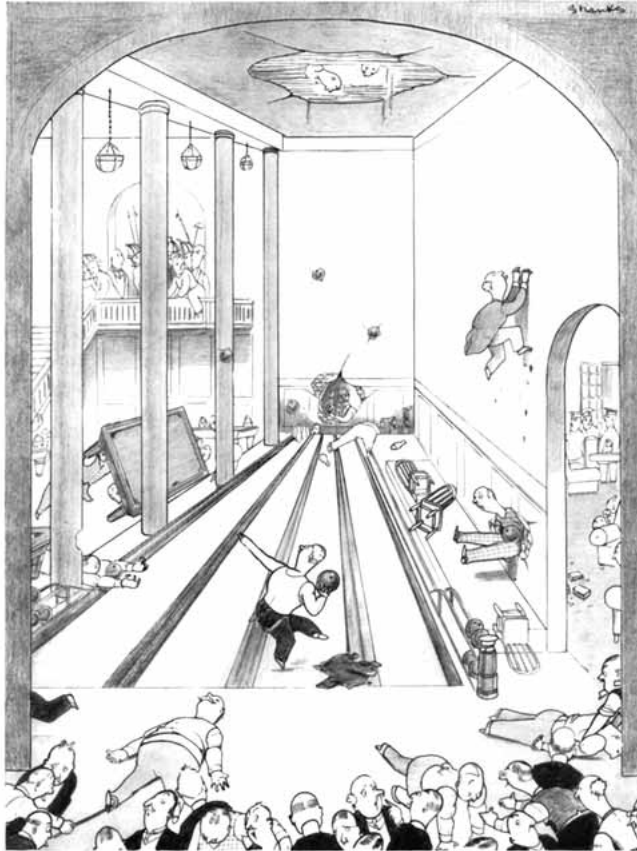


“Arrest us, will yuh, y’big—take that in the eye!”

“Yeh, an’ that in th’ nose, y’ blinkin’—”

“Cheese it, sweetheart—here comes the wagon!”

“Naw, hit ’im again—it’s only the ambulance—whoops!”



THE EX-SHOT PUTTER WHO SUDDENLY REVERTED TO TYPE



THE GIRL IN SABLE: *“Beaver! Beaver!
You never asked him only for beaver?”*



BRIDGE NOVICE: *"Don't let's
stop now, I'm just beginning to
get on to the game."*



"Mrs. Reginald Vanderpoise wishes to speak with you."

"Oh, dear me, Annie. You'd better hand me my French phone."



"Dearie! You're not washing your face!"



*“Madame desires hors d’oeuvres, potage julienne,
turbot genevoise, filet de boeuf sauce madère,
poularde du mans truffé, asperges au beurre,
céleri au jus, mousse aux fraises and café filtre.
I’ll take a vegetable dinner.”*



"I'm tired of men—I want a millionaire."



"All right, lady. Go into Cartier's an' see wot they want for poils."

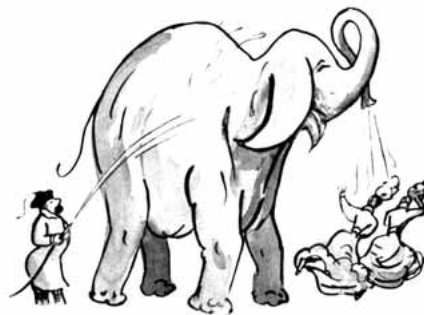


“Well, well, old boy—I’ll wager you don’t remember me!”

“What are the odds?”



*"Gor! Ten cakes o' soap t'
wash 'er! Now I ask yuh,
didja ever—"*



*"An' a fire-hose t' rinse 'er
off—watch out, dearie!
She's wringin' 'erself out.
Whoops!"*



VIOLETS



"Have you ever written a play? No? Well, my dear, it's terribly hard."



DIRECTOR (*shouting*): “Make it hot, Alfonso!”

CINEMA HERO (*with emotion*): “I just bought a new town car.”

HEROINE (*swooning*): “Not me, I put my dough in real estate.”



SURPRISES OF THE SOCIAL SEASON

The Aquarium adds a restaurant to its attractions



"That reminds me, my dear, I'm dieting now."



"I didn't know people wore muffs any more, mamma."

"Hush, child—they don't."



"The worst part of this business isn't running into the cops but running into your friends while you're in this bum seaman's outfit."



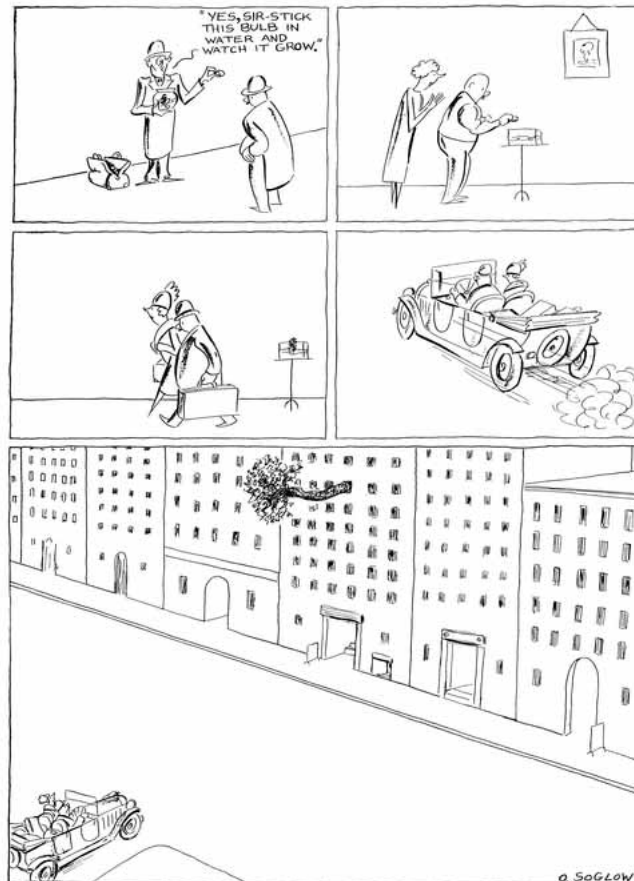
"Thank you, Blackstone; you're such a help to mother."



*"I've done what I could, Mattie.
You can learn him but he don't retain."*



“Imagine being able to remember your first cocktail.”





*“Since you’re out there, young man, will you please
give those poor little birds their luncheon?”*



"Lordy, there's that Mrs. Sneedle down below."

*"Comin' with a pail o' water, dearie.
Keep 'er waitin'—Whoops!"*

ARCHITECTURAL ORIGINS





“That girl behind us? Why, her father, I think, was a grocer.”

“Wholesale, I hope!”





*"Say, Kid, you been sayin' 'ain't' n'awful lot lately."
"Izzatso? F'gossakes whyn't y' tell me? Dat's awful."*



*“Mother, how can you say you like Velasquez better!
All he did was paint what he saw. This man paints what he thinks.”*



YOUTH



*"Now this radio set, Madam, expresses
the true spirit of the Italian Renaissance."*

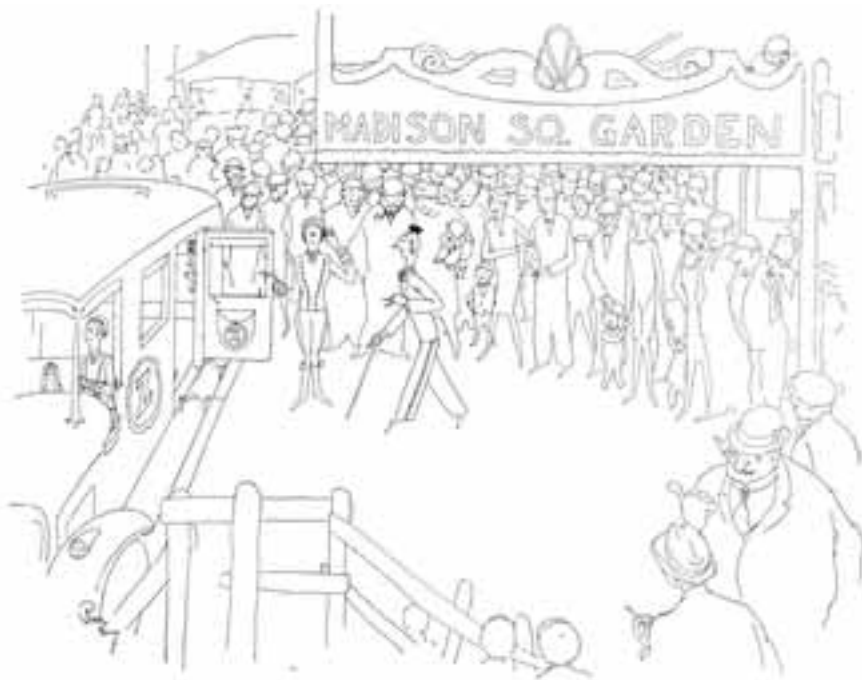


“And are your memoirs in the Daily Prattle really true?”

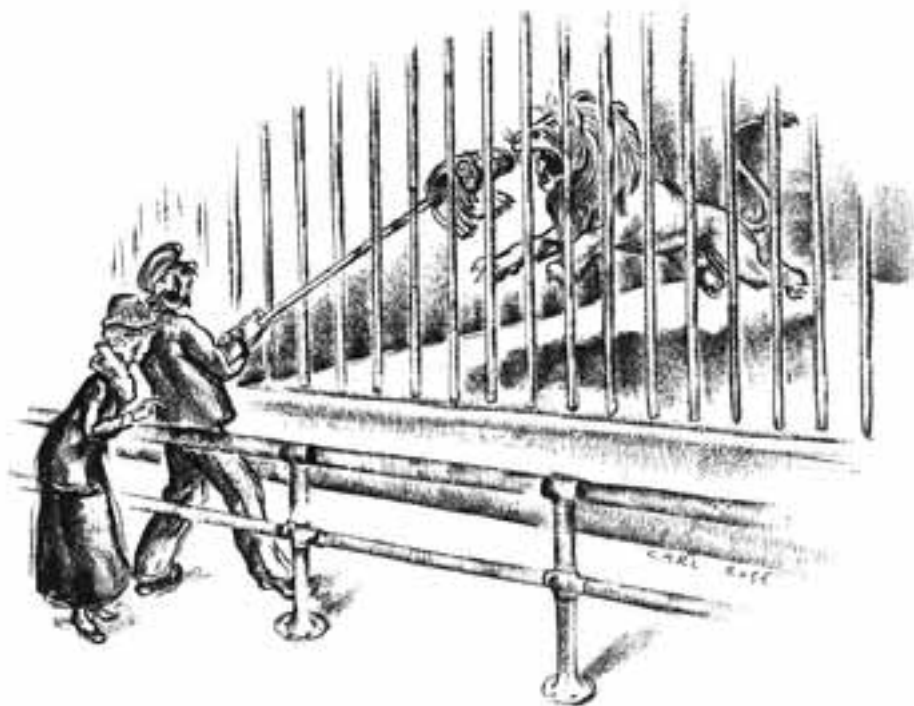
*“Well, I signed ’em, lady. But this narrow life
don’t leave me no time for reading.”*



"Two ham sandwiches, please."

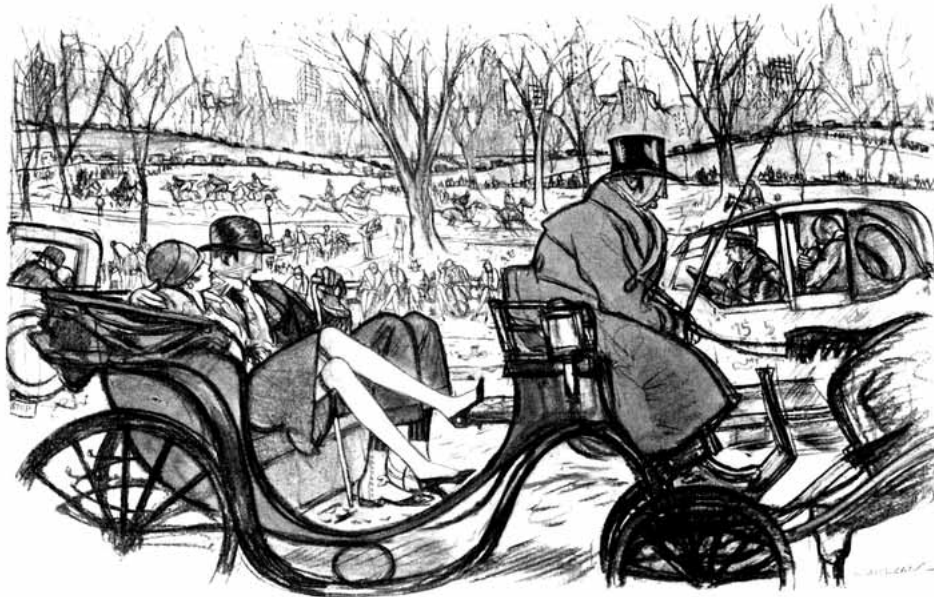


“That’s Zoop—th’ cleverest idiot in th’ business.”



"Does he bite?"





SHE: *"Let's just sit back now, Wilmot, and pretend we're living in grandmother's day."*



“Oh, Rud, come quick! Here’s something I don’t understand.”



"Isn't her voice divine, doctor?"
"Loveliest laryngitis I ever heard."



WASHLADY: *"These 'ere architects forget the practical haspect of a fire-escape."*

VOICE FROM WITHIN: *"It ain't them; it's these incompetent engineers."*



“Did she marry the red-headed egg with the Buick?”

“No—the Lincoln.”



NEAR-SIGHTED OLD GENTLEMAN: *"What have you there, my boy?"*
"A wife, sir."



"You don't sing, do you, Phyllis?"

"Good Heavens! No!"

"Oh, darling, you're perfect!"

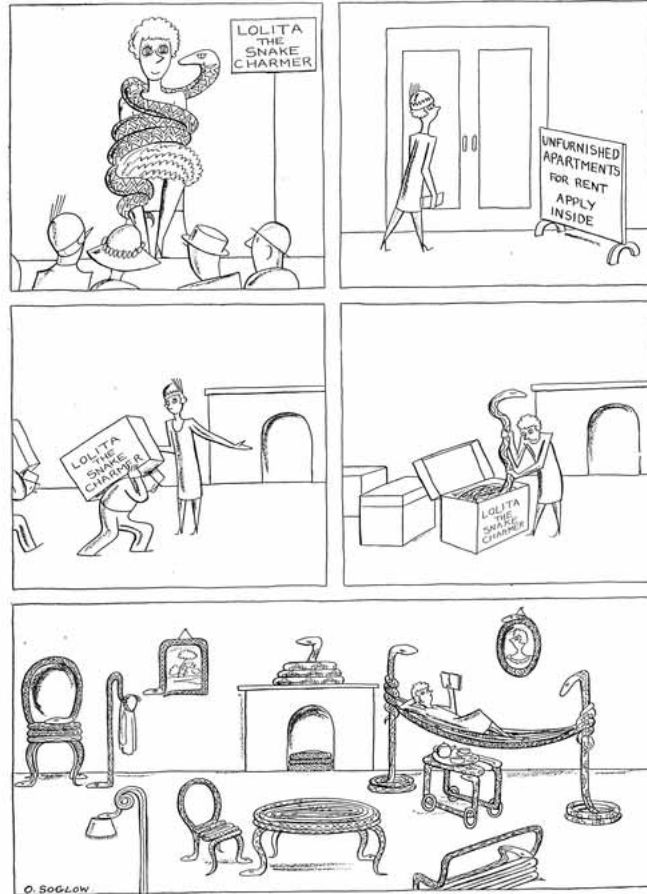
ROOF FARMING



"I'd give a lot for that acre yonder."



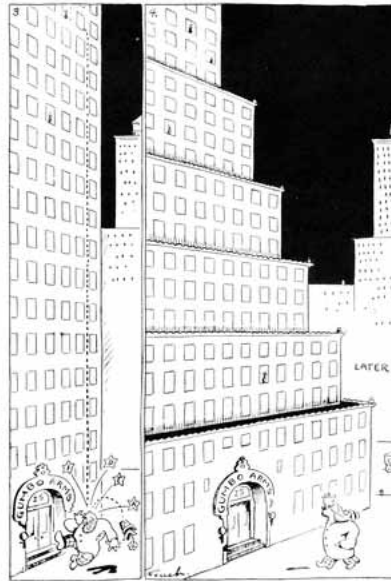
*“See, Willie, that’s the gnu. He used to be used a lot
in crossword puzzles but he’s practically extinct now.”*





*“Yeh, an’ if y’ever ‘and me any
more of yer mouf, I’ll—”*

*“Gor! Watch the omnibus,
dearie! The way yer standin’ it’ll
catch yuh as pretty a one as
ever I see—Whoops!”*



THE CANNY LANDLORD
or, How the Terrace Style of Architecture was Conceived

Alfred Frueh (4/30/1927)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►





Henry VIII discloses his dream life to a psychoanalyst



"Then he takes out me original two no trumps with three clubs."

"What didja do then?"

"I got up an' socked him like any lady would."



“Mrs. Hartford’s husband had two major operations at one time and oh, Julian! I was so humiliated when I told her you had diabetes.”



"Gascoigne! How do you like my new frock?"
"Thumbs down, Eugenie; it's too damn feminine."



"My dear, I spent the most devastating time trying to get to sleep. For a minute or two I felt sure I was going to have insomnia!"



NEARSIGHTED SHOPPER IN AEOLIAN HALL:
"Oh! Pardon me. I thought this was Childs."



9305: *"That's always the way!
A big jail break this morning and the
doity bums didn't let me in on it."*

5039: *"Old man—maybe it's comedones."*



VISITOR (reading conductor's name):
"Are you related to the Feeney's of Fredonia?"



“Really, I think that after orange juice for breakfast and some consommé for lunch, I’m entitled to an éclair tonight.”



*“Dear Heavens, Eldred, do be
careful! This is Mother’s Day.”*



“Let’s see—doubled and redoubled, wasn’t it?”



GENTLEMAN ON SOFA: *"Yes, her hair is quite beautiful, but I don't think it's natural."*

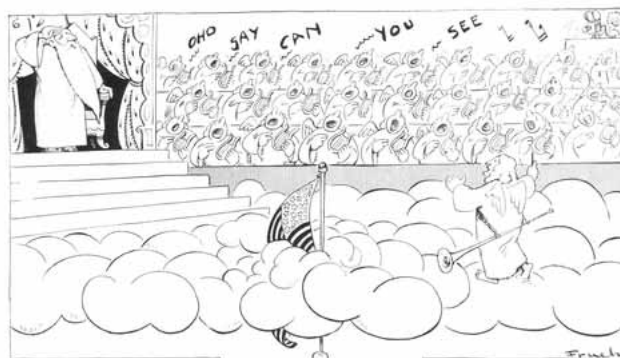


SURPRISES OF THE SOCIAL SEASON
*Morris Iskestein, dishwasher in Childs,
is discovered to be descended from the Ten Eycks.*



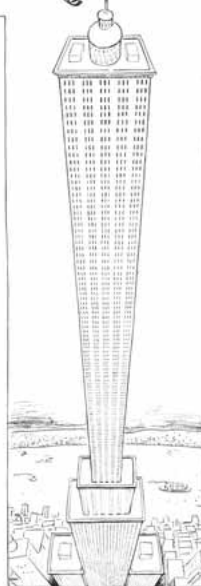
*“Gor! It’s beginnin’ to rain,
darlin’—an’ me wearin’ me new
hug-me-tight! We oughta get one
o’ them one-man tops.”*

*“One-man tops? Whoops!! It’s
surprisin’ the lyric twists yer mind
has a habit o’ takin’ in the spring!”*



ONWARD AND —

UPWARD FOREVER





"Niggers all look alike to me."

"Yeah, no individuality."



*“Her father has just died, you know,
and the poor child will miss the dance tonight.”*

“Oh, what a shame!”



THE SHORE PATROL



“The trouble wit Coolidge is he don’t seem to read the editorials.”



*“Well, Jason, what do you think
of the last number I played?”*

“I didn’t think it polite to listen, sir.”



"I want something to smell like spring."



*"The man who marries my
daughter will win a prize."*

"Well, I must say that's awfully sporting of you."

PUBLIC LINKS (1 OF 4)



Form is everything

PUBLIC LINKS (2 OF 4)



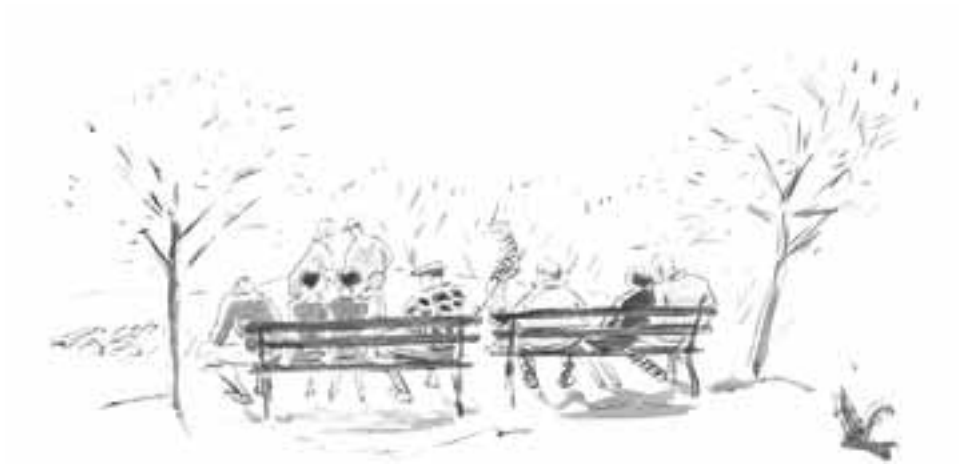
“Wanna go back for something cool?”

PUBLIC LINKS (3 OF 4)



Funny where it went!

PUBLIC LINKS (4 OF 4)



Sunrise at the first tee



"I shall have to ask you to confine your gifts to my daughter to the conventional cigarettes, stockings, and gin."

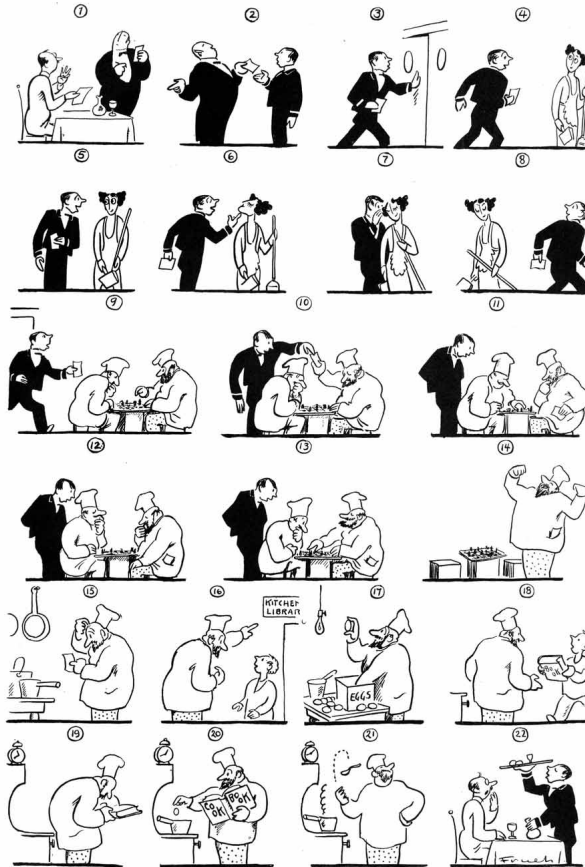


*"Did you hear that Hartswick made lunch
yesterday in thirty-nine seconds flat?"*



“He’s terribly reckless; he bids five the first time around—”

“Yeah, I like that in a man.”



WHY IT TAKES 33 MINUTES TO GET
3-MINUTE EGGS IN A FASHIONABLE HOTEL

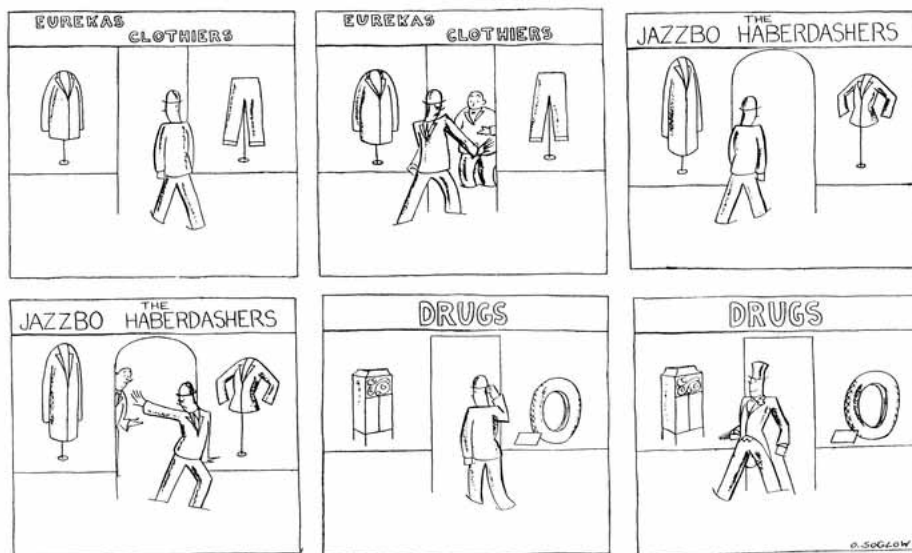


“Gor! Pipe the sailors! Comin’ right towards us, too.”

“Now you mind yerself, Pansy! Don’t ’ave no truck wit sailors!”

*“Lordy! Is that a way t’ talk about yer nation’s defenders?
Ain’t yuh no patriotism?”*

“Not in a rowboat, dearie—Whoops!”





*"But, oh, boy, I certainly hate soup spoons!
They're too hard to get out of your mouth."*



"Where's Marietta?"

"She waited to speak to the rector. If he'll agree to have the walls done over and the chancel redecorated, she's going to be married here."



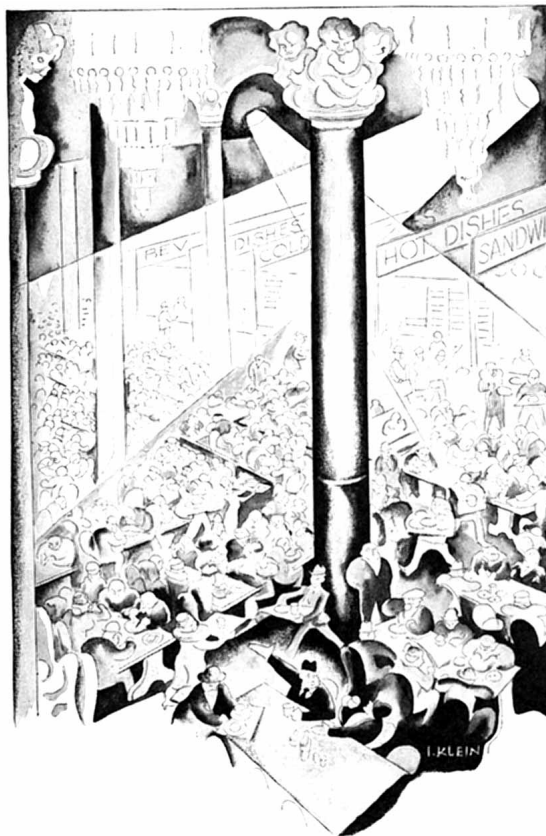
“Why didn’t you show up last night?”

“Well, you see, Mr. Davidson, my father was in the audience.”



THE UPPER CRUST

*"I do not object to virtue among the lower clergy,
my dear Bishop. I merely wish they could be virtuous tactfully."*



"Yeh, but the coffee ain't as good as it used to be."



“You know, Alice, I wonder what those poor Chinese are going to do. Will Rogers says the situation is serious.”



"I want some face powder to match my stockings."



"Sash weight, eh? Have you got a prescription?"

REGATTA MOMENTS (I OF 4)



A glimpse of the gallery

REGATTA MOMENTS (2 OF 4)



“Now, in my day—”

REGATTA MOMENTS (3 OF 4)



The proud victors

REGATTA MOMENTS (4 OF 4)



Ringside seats



*"My husband doesn't know it yet, but hereafter
I'm going to help him in a business way."*



"Hub! I never saw no ideal man!"



"Dammit! I like a good split infinitive!"



"I might as well never weep at all—you brute!"



THE UPPER CRUST

*"Yes, sir, now that out decorative scheme
is complete, I doubt if you'll find a roof in
the city with quite this Riviera touch."*



"Nice day, ain't it, Joe?"



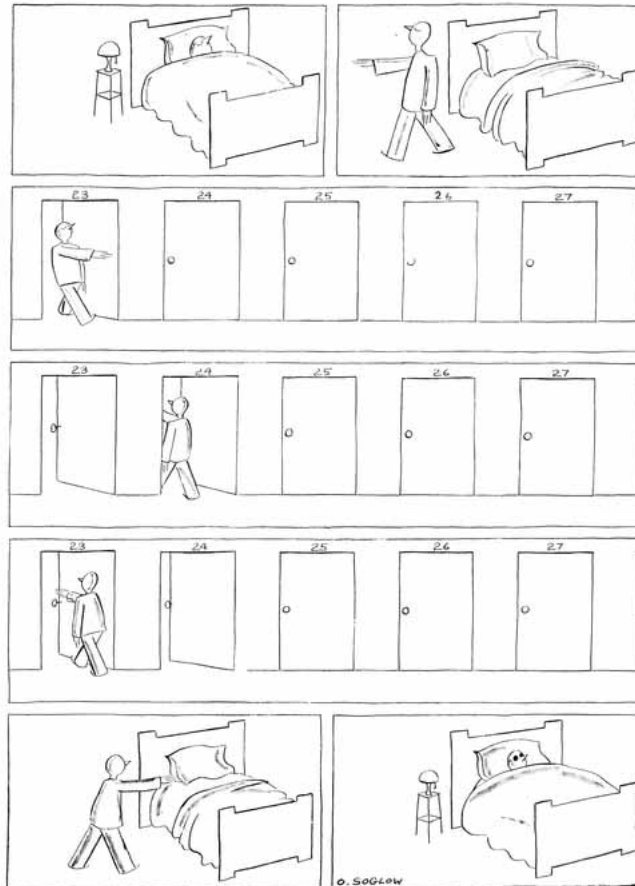
*The itinerant mendicant who once
received a handout from Emily Post.*



"Whoops!"

"What's up, dearie?"

*"Oh, nuthin'—only it's kinda nice
t' get yer boots off fer a minute,
now that th' fleet's gone—Gor!"*





*“Funny gritting cards? Yez mam,
we got funny gritting cards. Oi yez mam—
all day lung am I in convulzions in mine own store!”*



“Did I hear ya say ‘Safe,’ or is there to be another scandal?”



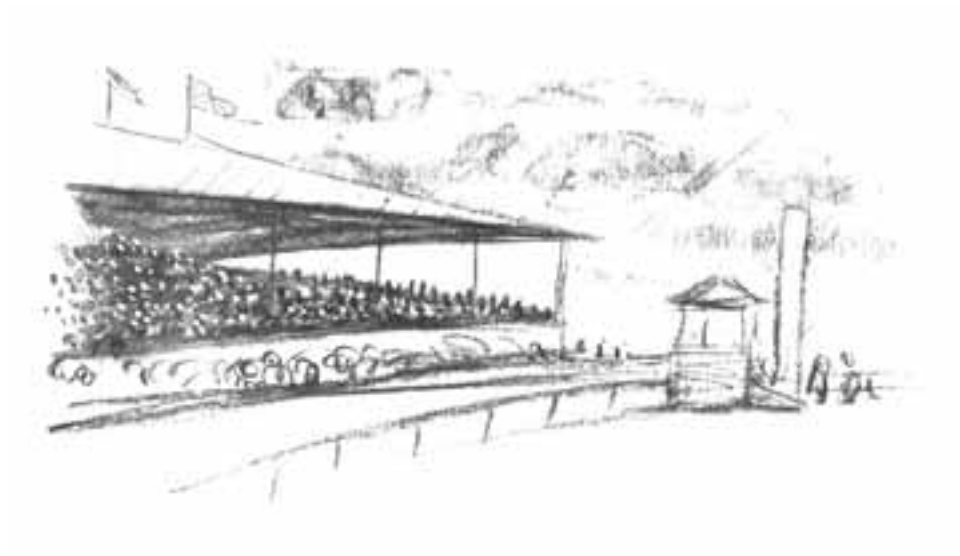
“Madam, this car has an eight-cylinder valve-in-head motor, four-wheel breaks, automatic cooler, convertible body, a Daimler chassis, bucket seats, high waistline and torpedo finish. . . .”

“Yes, but I see the lipstick in the vanity case isn’t indelible.”



*"Would you mind looking up
my balance? I've been in love a
couple of weeks."*

BELMONT—IN THE RAIN (I OF 5)



BELMONT—IN THE RAIN (2 OF 5)



Snakeskin Vied with Horsehide

BELMONT—IN THE RAIN (3 OF 5)



The Paddock

BELMONT—IN THE RAIN (4 OF 5)



An Old-Timer

BELMONT—IN THE RAIN (5 OF 5)

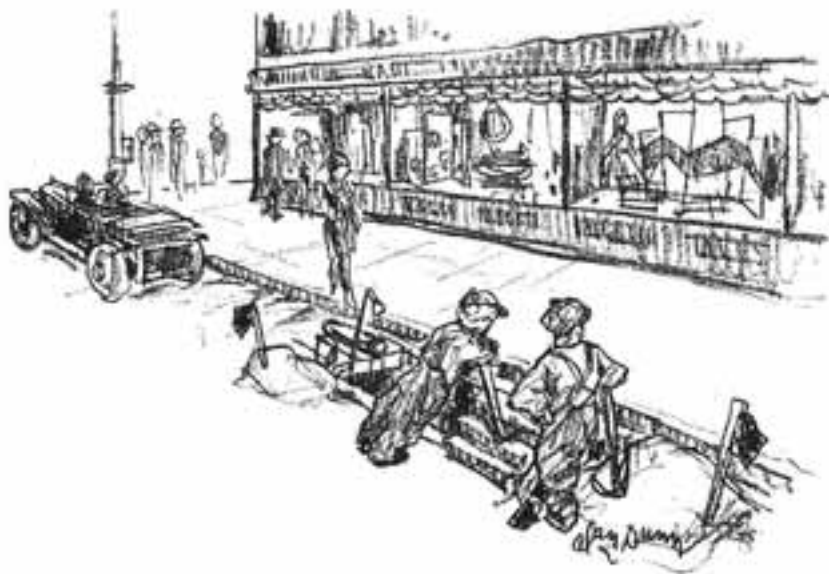


"Two dollars on Hoity-Toity, please!"



*“My dear, he’s so changed you wouldn’t know him.
He’s gonna write a book, and he walks around the
Village without any hat and all that.”*

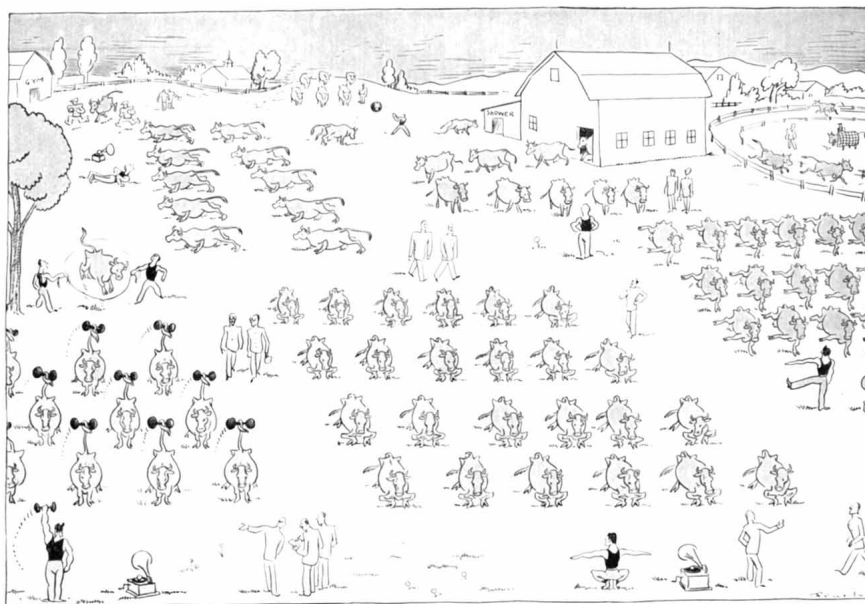
“You don’t say! The real thing, huh?”



*“Art! Don’t tell me! Me, who’s been workin’ Fit’ Avenue from B.
Altman to Woolworth for on to a mont’ now.”*



"He has no right to look so dumb. He isn't so terribly rich."



PHYSICAL CULTURE HOUR ON THE BORDEN FARM

*“Regular veterinary inspection—a balanced ration—prescribed exercise!
All for a cow. . . .” Borden Farm Adv.*



“What have you in spurs?”



*“Gor! If you ain’t the zany—huntin’
pigeon eggs on a foggy day like this!
Ye’ll ’ave me in a lather in no time.”*

*“’Ere now—that’ll be enough o’ yer lip!
Watch out fer that big one, dearie—she’ll
be nestin’ right in yer ’at—whoops!”*



THE EXCEEDINGLY WELL DRESSED MAN:
*"Hello, is this Brooks? Send over something
for a fire, won't you?"*



*"Look at 'em now, Lord bless my soul!
And her sending his underwear to the wet wash!"*



"It's all right. Don't move."



*“No, Ma’am, I haven’t read the book, but I’ve
seen the movie and I’m sure you’ll like it.”*



*“Yes’m, Betty and me has watched the
progress of this city with a tear and a sigh.”*



"Make them look exotic, please."



"No, Annabel, now let's not spoil our beautiful friendship!"



“Oh, please take me, André! It’s just for eyebrows.”



*"Sweetheart, will you ever forget
what Roxy said about love?"*



*"I tell you, gentlemen, this is the biggest
thing on the market today."*



“Uhum! So that’s the best they can do.”



HERE . . .



COMES . . .



THE . . .



BRIDE



“Go right on working—we won’t mind!”



*“Oh, just some little necessity—
something I wouldn’t buy myself.”*



SURPRISES OF THE SOCIAL SEASON
*The Charles Hop Lung Laundry
Adopts Modern Display Methods*



"This is certainly a romantic spot, Loretta."

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised."



*“Talk of heavyweights! Arthur Brisbane says
you could lick a dozen Tunneys and Dempseys.”*

“That may be true, gentlemen, but I never read the Journal!”

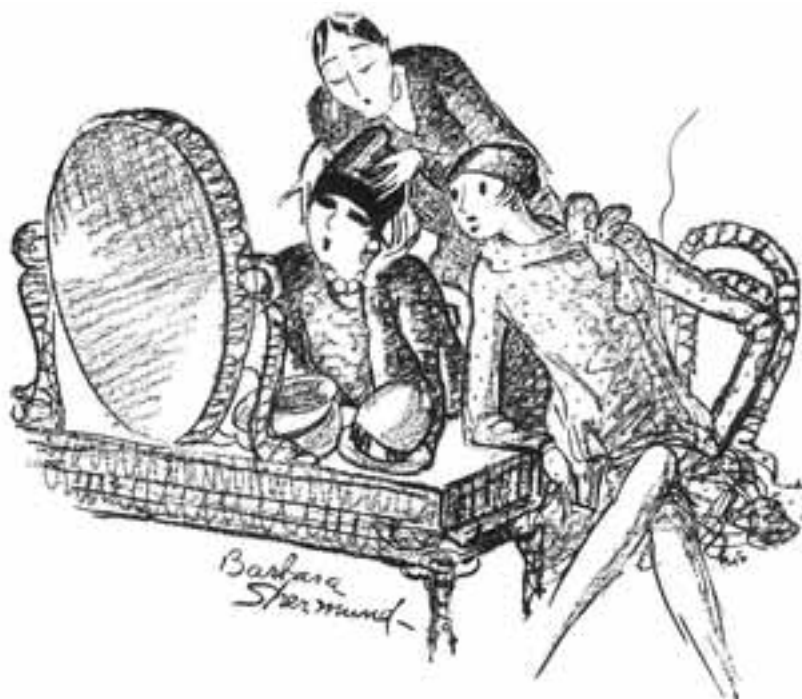


*“Isn’t he the perfect image of Mr. Dunwoodie?—
only Mr. Dunwoodie has more charm.”*



*“Which would ya rather do, Bill, swim
tha channel or fly tha Atlantic?”*

“Nope—I’d rather be just plain little me.”



“My! Doesn’t a hat make a difference? You look absolutely interesting, Auntie—no kidding!”



GREENWICH VILLAGE INCIDENT

"Please, sir, can you direct me to Ye Chintz Cat Tea Shoppe?"

Helen E. Hokinson (6/11/1927)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"Ho hum! Caught in life's mesh."

VOICE FROM THE KITCHEN: *"What did you say, darling?"*

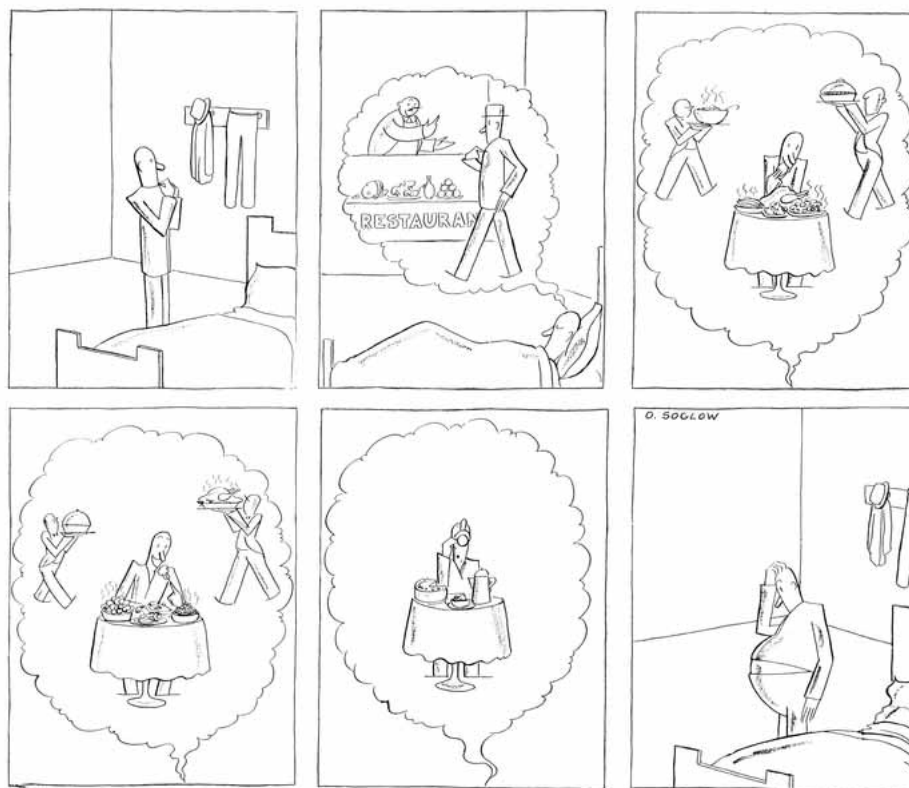
"I said—er, ah—has he got to eat all this spinach?"



"Hush, dearie! Don't be noisy in a bank!"



"So long, Archie!"





*“My dear, see that heavenly pink cloud over there!
How do you think that would look on me?”*



THE GAS-HOUSE BEAT



“Darling, you remind me of Adolphe Menjou.”



"I did not come . . . prepared . . . to make a speech."



*“Gor! If you ain’t th’ dumb diddy, comin’ in cabarett
th’ back way! With all these swells ’ere we should ’a—”*

“Whoops!”

“What’s a-bitin’ of yuh?”

*“Pipe th’ way they keep the extra waiters roped
off in th’ doorway—th’ poor lambs—Whoops!”*



“But how could they have a baby if they weren’t married?”



*“There’s a house we might do something with, Helen.
It’s got a nice picket fence around it.”*



"And she wants Tangerine, with her coloring!"

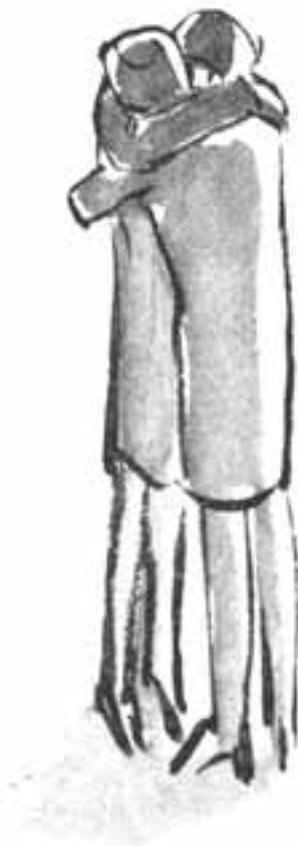
"Oh, what's the use, dearie? They just don't know no different."

MIDNIGHT SAILING (I OF 5)



A Shoving-Off Party

MIDNIGHT SAILING (2 OF 5)



Helen E. Hokinson (6/18/1927)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►

MIDNIGHT SAILING (3 OF 5)



"Your country's flag here"

MIDNIGHT SAILING (4 OF 5)



"Now don't worry about me, dear"

MIDNIGHT SAILING (5 OF 5)



“—and don’t get fat”



“I am looking for the meaning of life.”

“Yeah? I thought of that too.”



"I've kissed practically every woman in the club as it is. Unless the Admissions Committee does something soon, I'll go mad."



"My husband was so wild before we were married."

"Wild, my dear! Mine was simply notorious!"



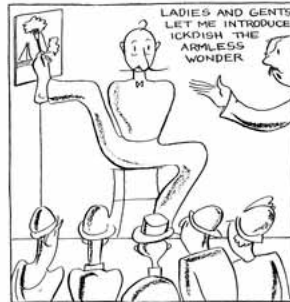
“Do you think we can get there before they shove off?”

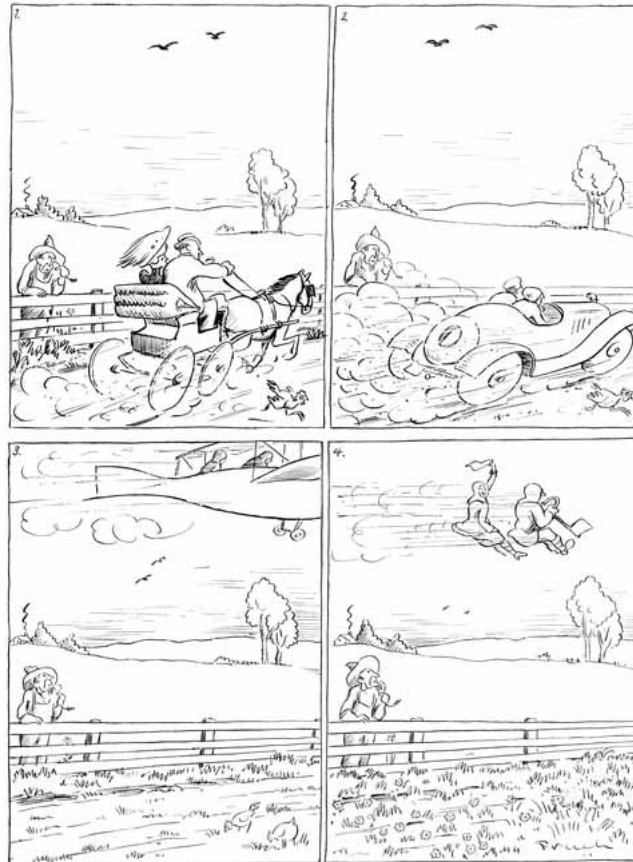


DEATH COMES TO ELMER, THE EDUCATED PIG



“Precious—shall mother be cross?”





PROGRESS IN RURAL AMERICA

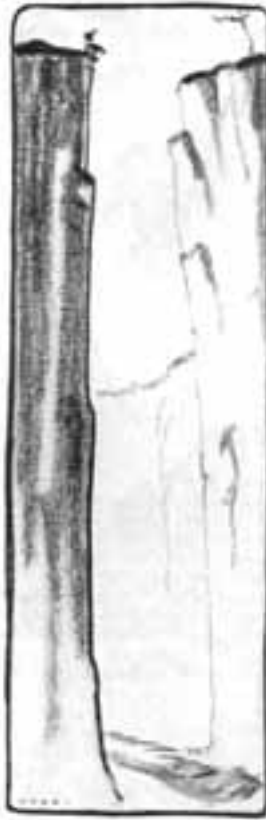


*"I say there, International Accord, you stay
on the stage until Prosperity finishes."*



“Whoops! Strike me if pushmobiles ain’t back in style! With one o’ them, dearie, wouldn’t we make th’ grand impression on th’ prolitarian element?”

“So! Prolitarian element, eh? Y’think y’can use a scientific term an’ get away with yer indelicate remarks! If y’mention that thing again I’ll report yuh t’ Mr. Sumner—Whoops!”



*“Didja ever wanta spit a mile, Joe?
Now’s yer chance.”*



“How much for the whole outfit?”



*“If you do that again, Lord Scarsley, I shall
have to ask you to leave the herbarium.”*

HORSE SHOW GLIMPSES (1 OF 7)



HORSE SHOW GLIMPSES (2 OF 7)



Sitting, more or less, pretty

HORSE SHOW GLIMPSES (3 OF 7)



Horse Lovers

HORSE SHOW GLIMPSES (4 OF 7)



Riding to a — jump

HORSE SHOW GLIMPSES (5 OF 7)



A critical moment

HORSE SHOW GLIMPSES (6 OF 7)



Through his paces

HORSE SHOW GLIMPSES (7 OF 7)



A Close Observer



“Well, how did you make out today?”

*“Fine. I sold twenty thousand dollars’
worth of securities in nine holes.”*



*“Sh-h, darling! First thing you know
I won’t have an illusion left.”*



*“Why, dearie, the way you said that
you looked just like Gloria Swanson!”*



“Did ’e insult yuh, dearie?”

“Yeh—in a nice gentlemanly sort o’ way.”

*“’E did!! Gor, an’ ’ere we’ve let ’im slip out of our fingers like a blinkin’ eel! Why ’n’t y’ tell me ’e was a swell—I’d ’a come t’ yer insistence—
WHOOPS!”*



*“Oh, they feed you pretty well on the whole, but I thought
there was a little too much cinnamon in the custard.”*



The Life of the Party Passes Out



*“Yoohoo, Gladys! Your Auntie Emma’s
coming up to kiss you goodbye.”*



“Espressivo, ma non troppo lento.”





*“A good ’usband ’e was to me, y’r Honor, an’ a good provider
till ’e came under th’ infloocene of Beau Nash.”*



*"Please don't take one from the stack, madam.
Our scenic director has just created it."*



*“No, Lucette, give me the Chanel Angora Kasha—
I’ll be gardening today.”*

THE COUNTRY FAIR (FOR CHARITY) (I OF 4)



“But what would I do with a Jersey heifer?”

THE COUNTRY FAIR (FOR CHARITY) (2 OF 4)



The local portrait painter gladly donates his services

THE COUNTRY FAIR (FOR CHARITY) (3 OF 4)



"I say, this is a bit thick!"

THE COUNTRY FAIR (FOR CHARITY) (4 OF 4)



The young ladies who did win the heifer.



“—dig a pool, dam up the brook, install a couple of swans—and there you are!”



“What’s he like?”

*“Well, he’s a regular boulevardier—
knickers and everything.”*





THE MEN'S CLUB KEEPS ABREAST OF SCIENCE



*"Animal crackers!
Great Heavens, woman, I'm a vegetarian!"*



“Now darling, shake-a-da-da to the little baby”



*“Oh, Lordy, I told yuh it was
dangerous standin’ on this blinkin’ osculator!”*

*“Dangerous me eye!
Excitin’, I calls it—WHOOOPS!”*



THE RESPECT-THE-FLAG COMMITTEE, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY,
DISCOVERS A LITTLE BOY HOLDING A FLAG IN HIS LEFT HAND



“Don’t you find the days really too short to start anything serious?”



"Look, Ed! I can float!"



“Ah!”



NEWS



“Hello, Stock? Make it snappy on that 46 flesh.”



*“Oh, Mr. Spiffle,
you are so delightfully decadent.”*



*“When I look out at those rows of dumb faces
and see what I’m wasting my art on! . . .”*



“Mother, this is Mary Josephine Cornelius, one of my women.”



CLUB ATTENDANT: *"Beg pardon, sir. It's July."*



“Doesn’t this make you feel sort of savage?”



"Oi! And after six weeks at Atlantic City for my health."



*"Can you cash a check
for me, Mr.
Schausmeier?"*



"How big is it?"



"Oh, about this big."



*“Trellises, bird baths—she’s never happy.
Now she wants a faun, whatever the hell that is.”*



*“Mother, Peg’s new bootlegger is simply marvellous—
tall, small moustache, and just out of Harvard.”*



CONSTERNATION ON A LOT IN HOLLYWOOD WHEN
IT IS DISCOVERED THAT DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
HAS GAINED ONE QUARTER OF A POUND



"Tis a pity these wild wimmin are always so underfed."



“’Ow’s it comin’, sweetheart?”

*“Oh, I dunno, Pansy. It’s kinda—toot!—like
blowin’ up a hot water bag—toot!—except
there ain’t no way—too-o-t!—of holdin’ the
air in it—too-o-t!—till y’ get comfy—
too-o-o-o-t!—WHOOPS!!!”*



ON BEAUTIFYING THE CITY



“Isn’t it marvellous, the intricate machines the human mind can invent?”

“Yeah—say, the one with the brown eyes is a peach.”



CLIENT: *"Rather a distance to commute, I'm afraid."*

REAL-ESTATE DEALER: *"Commute? Commute? Why, my friend, you can step into a train at Grand Central, and be whisked out here in an hour and fifty minutes!"*

THE UPPER CRUST (1 OF 2)

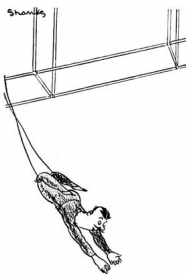


“They’re discussing sex—isn’t that cute?”

THE UPPER CRUST (2 OF 2)



"What! Have more children? I don't see how we can afford it."



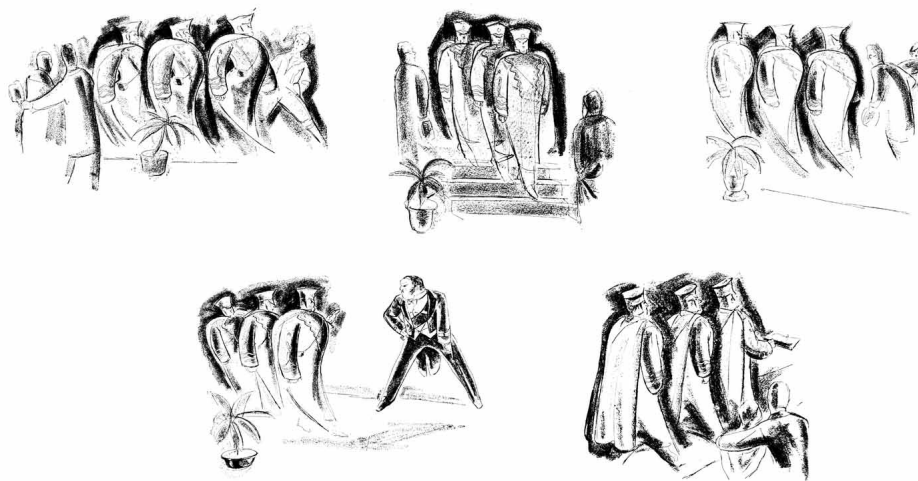
"Oop—sorry."







*“D’ya save cigar coopons, boss? I on’y need
three more t’ git a pitcher frame.”*



The Scrap of Paper and The Movie Cathedral (in five scenes)



“How’s your working coming along, Arthur?”

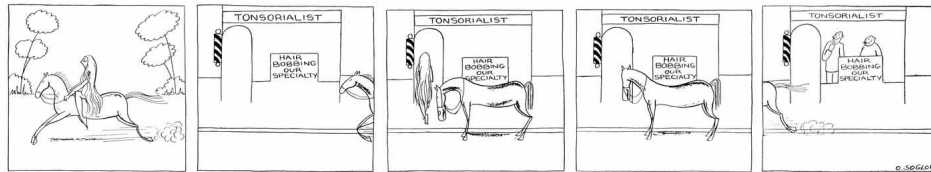
“Great! I’m painting 30 x 40’s now.”



COUNTRY HOST: *"Like to have a
look at the kennels, old man?"*

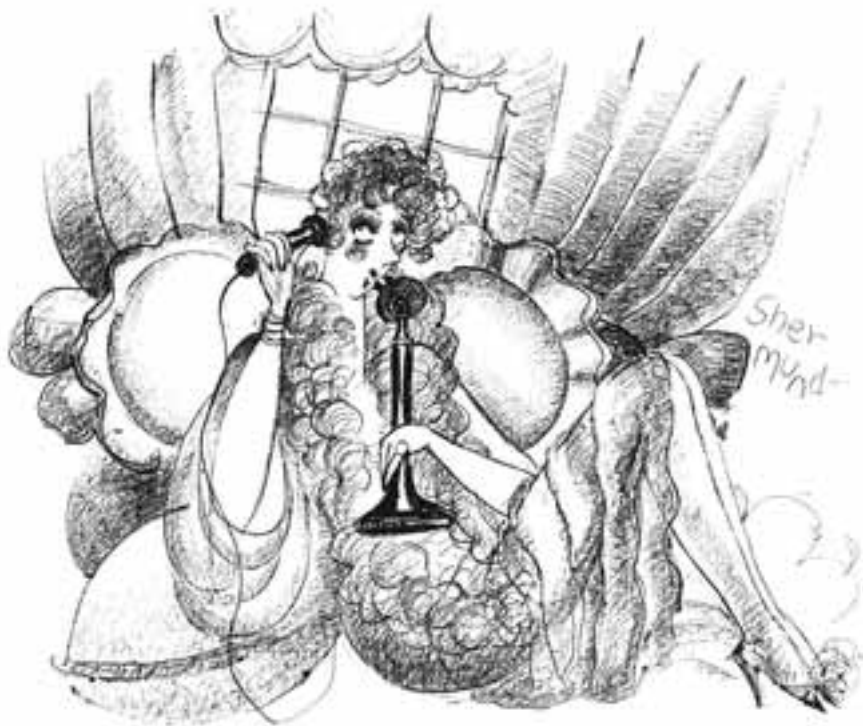
ACTOR: *"No, thanks. I'm never at my
best with dogs."*

1927

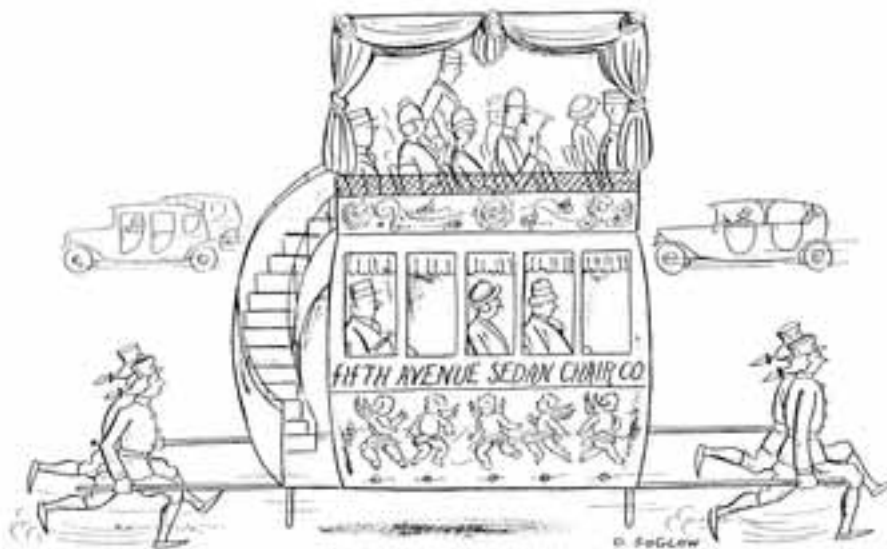




“They say y’ can’t trust flappers with a man nowadays. Well, I say I’d rather trust ‘em than a woman of thirty-eight—not that I’m thirty-eight.”



*"Hold the line a minute, dear—I'm trying to think
what I have on my mind."*



On Beautifying the City



“Well, I always say it won’t be no surprise to me if the kid’s an artist or somethin’ like that, because I was almost one myself, only somethin’ or other came up, and I never did finish the course.”



“It certainly is nice, Henry, to find a little breathing space.”



*"Can't you keep her off the terrace, Madeline?
The kittens are actually starving."*

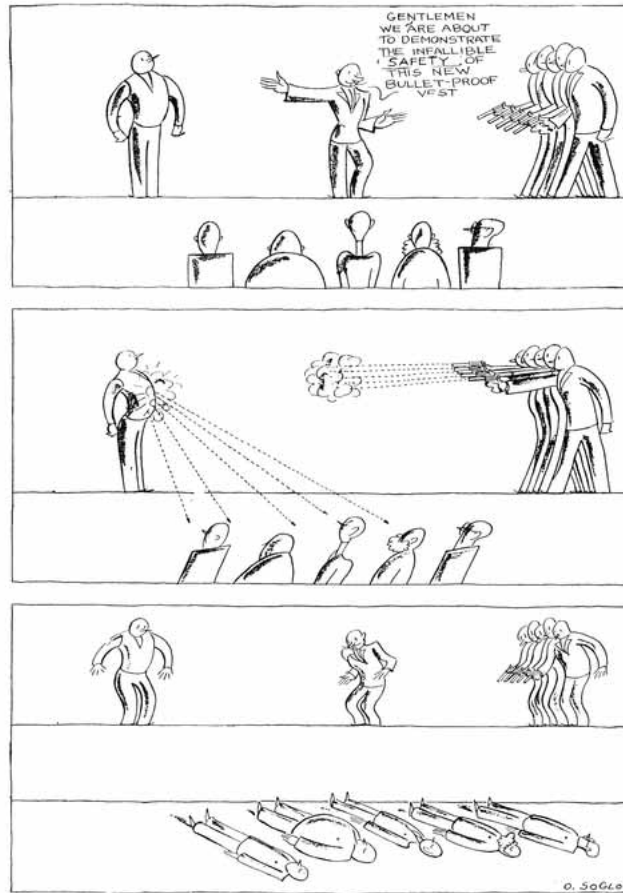


*“It’s my husband’s birthday today—
he’s the same age as the Prince of Wales.”*



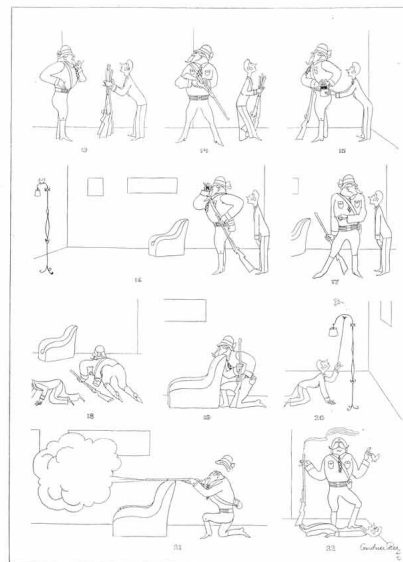
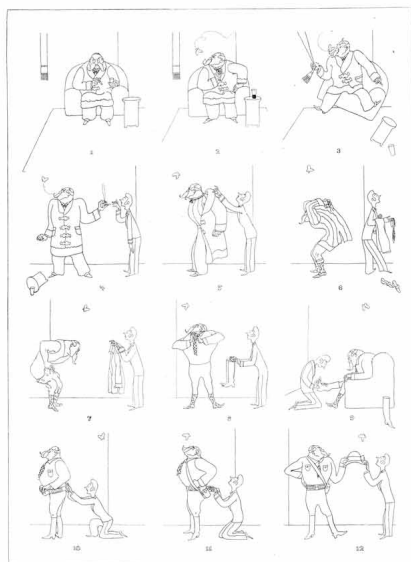
HE: *"Who's giving the party—that lady who owns the wolfhound?"*

SHE: *"No, I think it's the gentleman who throws cigarettes into the bird-bath."*





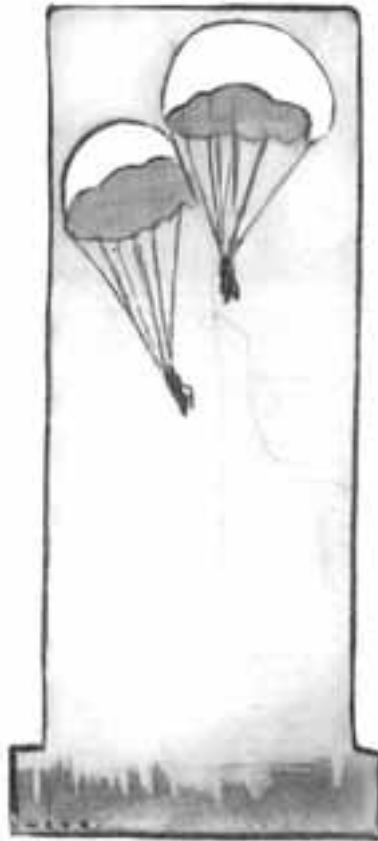
*"Honest, Francis, since I got this job on
Park Avenue there's no livin' with my old lady."*



MAJOR FITZ-BANG, THE BIG-GAME HUNTER, DISCOVERS A MOTH



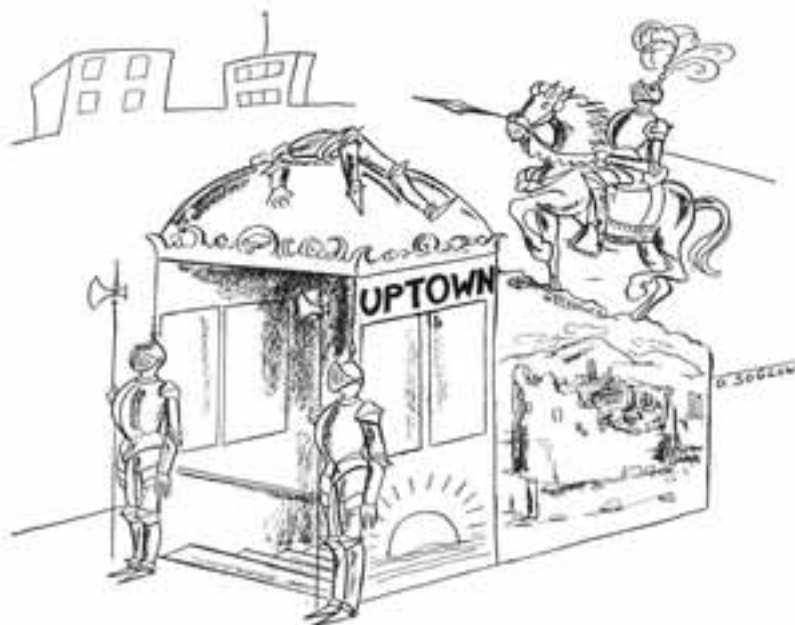
*“There’s no use talking, Ida, nature simply
can’t compare with America for sheer beauty.”*



*“Well, if this is Peoria, we’re all right, Bill.
I know a coupla grand cuties here.”*



*Portrait of Gentleman Determined
to Make the First Page*



ON BEAUTIFYING THE CITY



Portrait of a Lady Buttoning Her Glove



“My dear, I feel so delightfully primitive!”



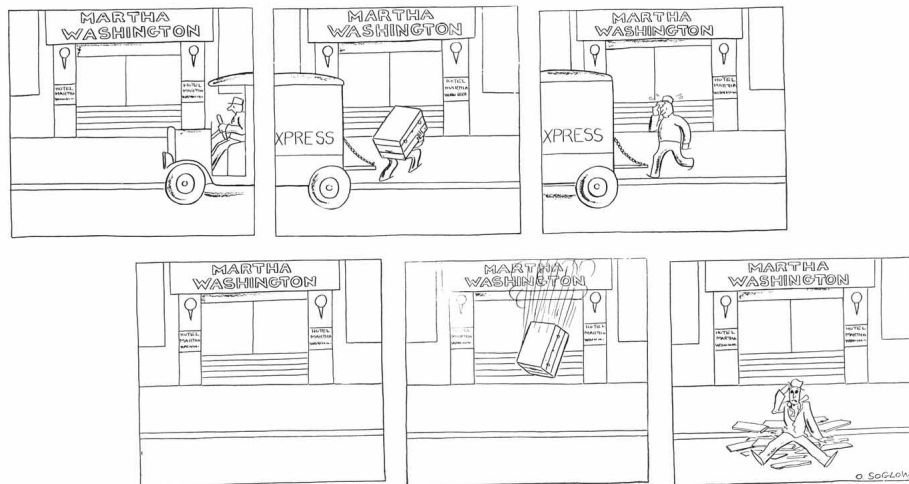
*"No more o' yer mouth, yuh
snivelin' baby. Whoops, d'ya
think we travel without an entooridge?"*



NOUVEAU HOST (proudly): *"There you are, m' boy. Have you any suggestions?"*
"I don't know—have you tried prayer?"

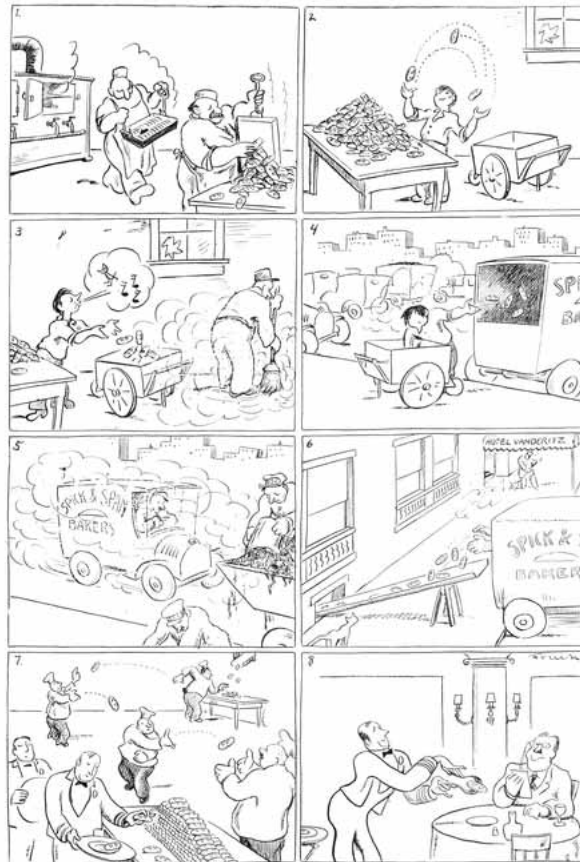


*One of the New Bachelor Hotels
Measures a Guest for a Single Room*





“Oh my, she’s very level-headed—her father was a lawyer!”



THE LIFE OF THE ROLL



“Gee! Wouldn’t that sound grand on the radio?”



“Nice, isn’t it, to get away from the crowds for a while?”



BETWEEN ROUNDS



“Now if we can only get Ben Bernie it’ll be perfect.”



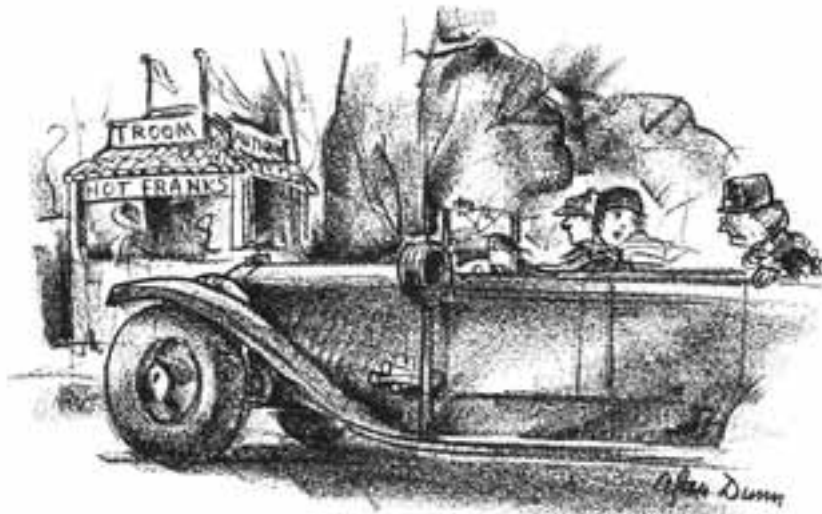
Love in a Breakfast Nook



ON BEAUTIFYING THE CITY



*"The nerve of them! Selling Lindbergh's
picture at seventy-five cents a yard."*



"I've a rousing appetite for lunch; haven't you, Mother? What'll it be—Oh Henry, Baby Ruth, goobers, or a Krimpy Roll?"



"I'm too repressed, I guess!"

"Yeah. Me too!"

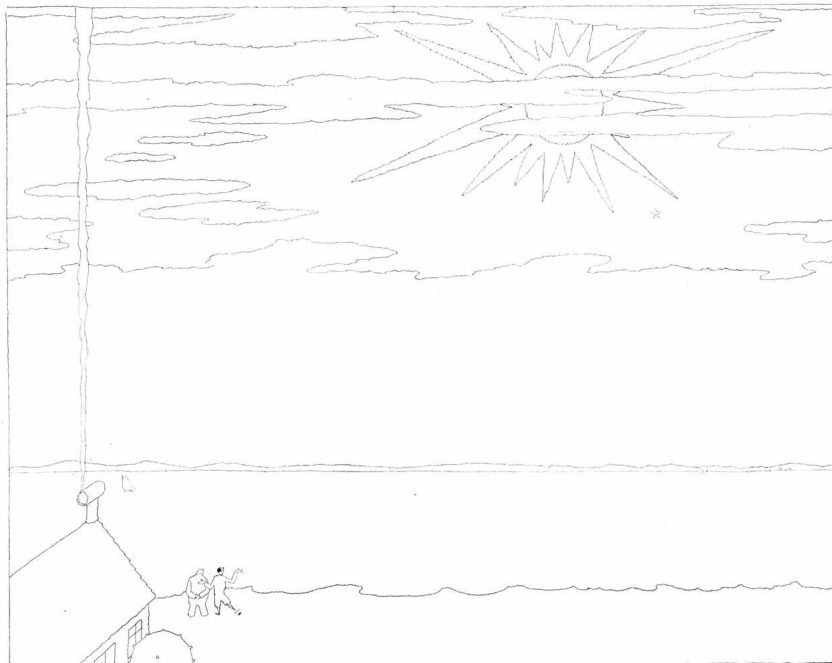


*"Gor, pipe the johnny in a
double-breasted oyster!"*

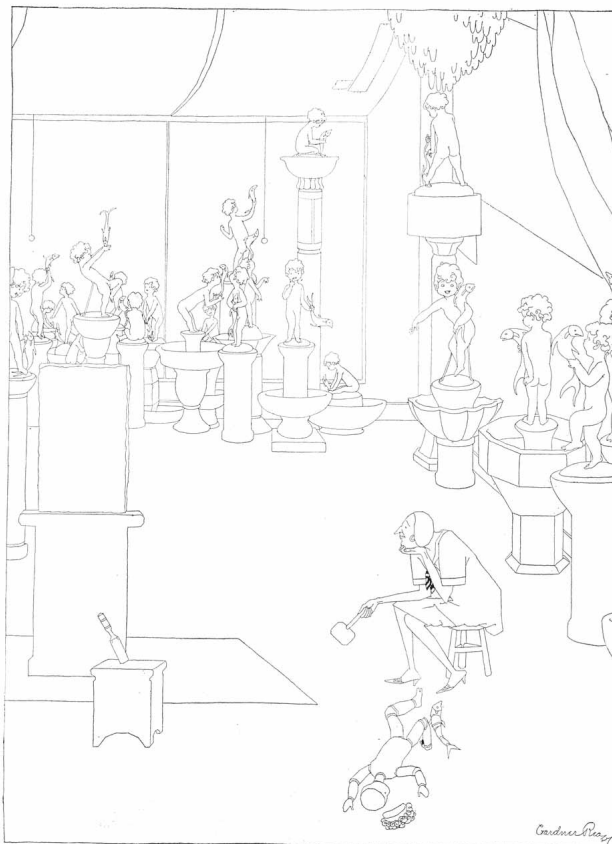
*"Whoops, don't say
oyster t' me, dearie."*



*“Aw, Winnie, quit usin’ the
same water t’ float in all time!”*



OWNER OF BEACH BUNGALOW:
"Not bad, eh?—if I do say it myself."



MISS ARABELLE TOOTER, OUR POPULAR
FOUNTAIN SCULPTRESS, THINKS UP A NEW ONE



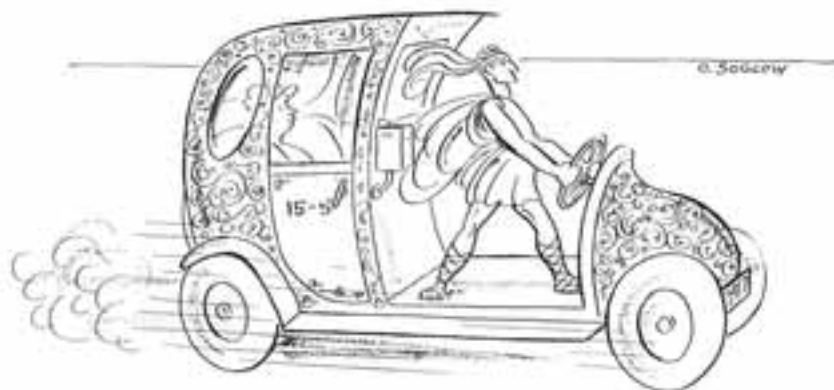
"My! It's nice to get out after being cooped up all day."





“Here’s one for a poil diver.”

“Probally filled by now—it’s nine o’clock.”



On Beautifying the City

RIVERSIDE DRIVE (I OF 4)



"Now, Sugar, play nice."

RIVERSIDE DRIVE (2 OF 4)



“Yes, that’s our nurse.”

RIVERSIDE DRIVE (3 OF 4)



"You know, babies always love me."

RIVERSIDE DRIVE (4 OF 4)



"My dear! TWINS!"



“‘The bridesmaids wore frocks of pink chiffon with a dainty flower design of tulips.’ Tulips, my eye! The liars!’”



*"Miss Quare? Miss Vivian Quare? No, this is
Mrs. Gilhooley, Mrs. Albert E. J. Gilhooley. Miss Quare ain't in."*



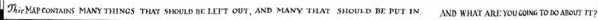
“Avez-vous quelque chose à déclarer?”

*“No y’ don’t, garçon! None o’ yer flip proposals
just ’cause we’re travellin’ alone—Whoops!”*





*"Shay, offsher, when's that light gonna change?
I'sh been parked here for half an hour!"*





*"All right for you, if y're gonna sneak off,
Wallace—I must say that's not very white of you."*



“Yes, Jane was stunning. But she’s married now.”



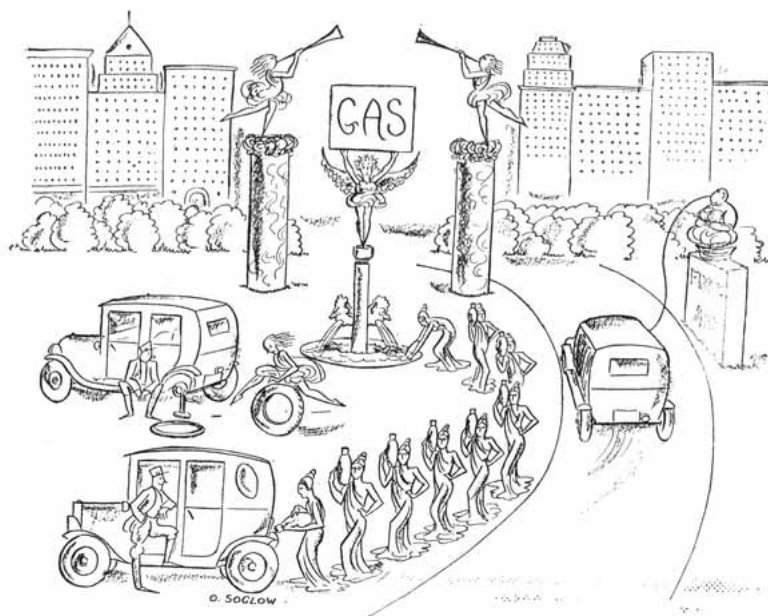
"Smoke?" "No."

"Drink?" "No."

"May I—er—kiss you?" "No."

"Let's dance."





On Beautifying the City



“—and the wonderful part of it is that now our own friends aren’t deprived of knowing Baby as we know her.”



"It's all right, old fellow—she's a Christian Scientist."



"Come, darling, tell granny what's the trouble."

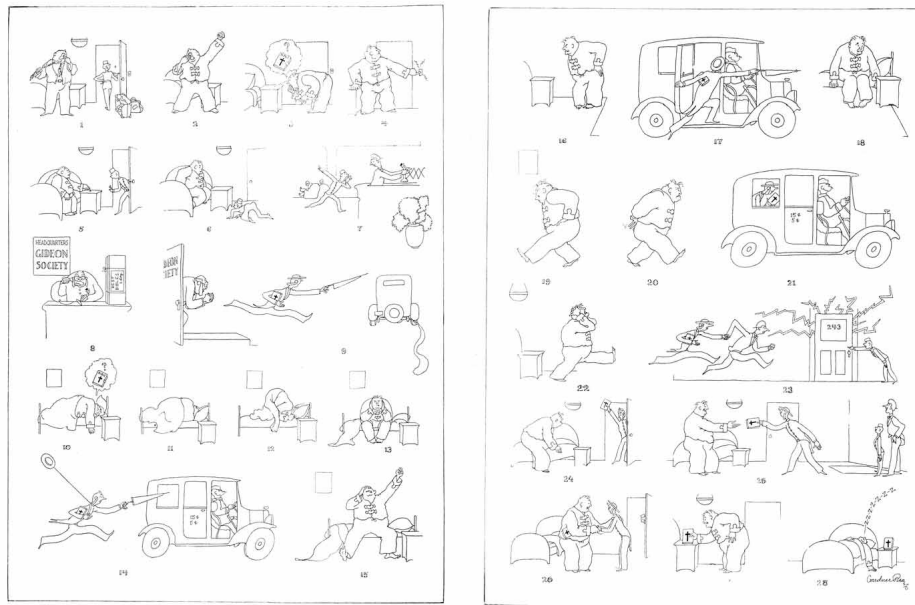
"Boo-hoo! I cut my finger on auntie's scissors—damn it!"

"That's a good boy—always speak the truth."



THE UPPER CRUST

*"I think every girl should have enough
will power not to become unfortunate."*

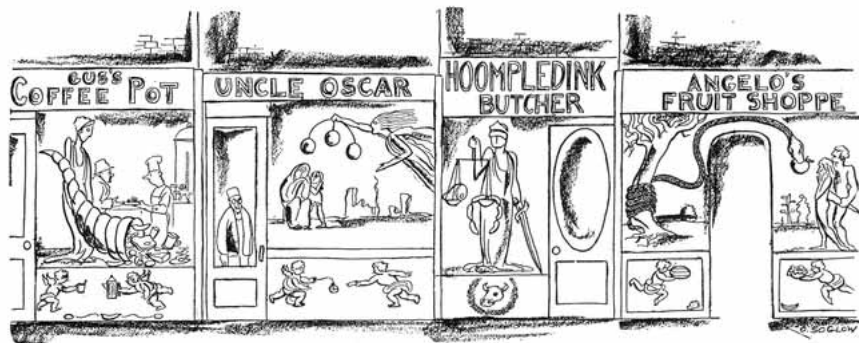


THE SAVING OF A SOUL: AN UNRECORDED TRIUMPH OF THE GIDEON SOCIETY



*“’Ere now! One more crack about my
needin’ a prayer rug an’ I’ll—”*

“Mais, Madame . . .”



On Beautifying the City



*"And then, my dears, Mr. Ruth came
to bat and hit it far into an adjoining field."*



*"It must be such a comfort to you, miss, to work in a shop
so near the Ritz, where you can meet your friends for lunch."*



“Stop stuttering—you fool!”



"Shall I get you a taxi, sir?"

"No, thanks, I'm just looking around."



"We're really awfully cynical, I guess."

"We can't help it, dear—it's the Age."



*“Oh dear, they have the most marvellous
home—almost like a museum!”*



"Now, hush, Gladys! Another word about my morals and I'll send you right home."



“Go wan—call me sir!”

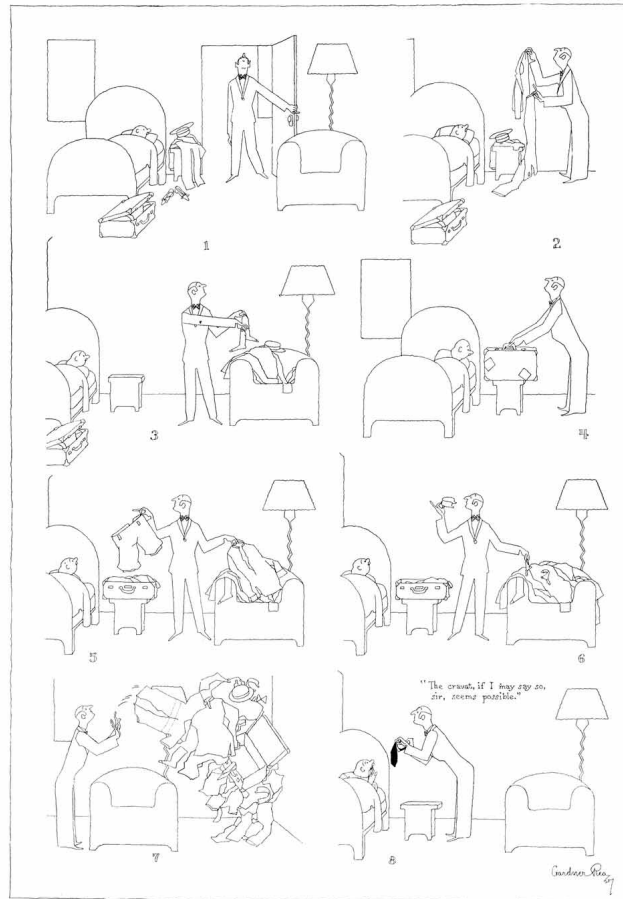


"Git a box of refreshing lemon-drops!"

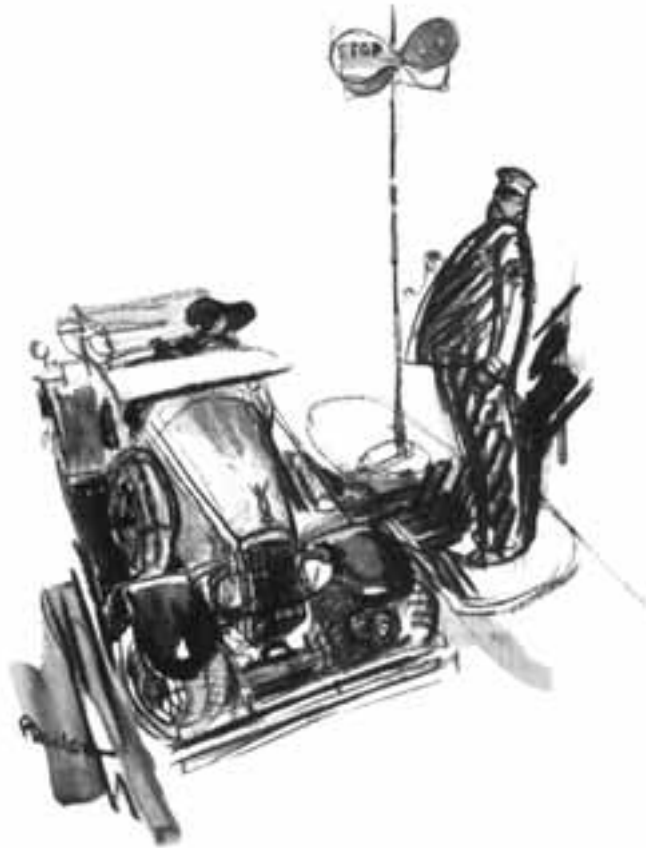




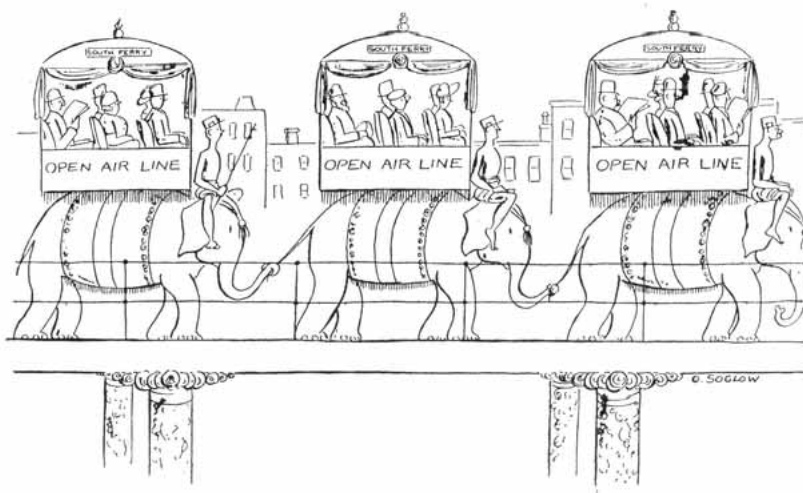
*“Damn the smug technicians.
Modernism must enter the tonsorial art.”*



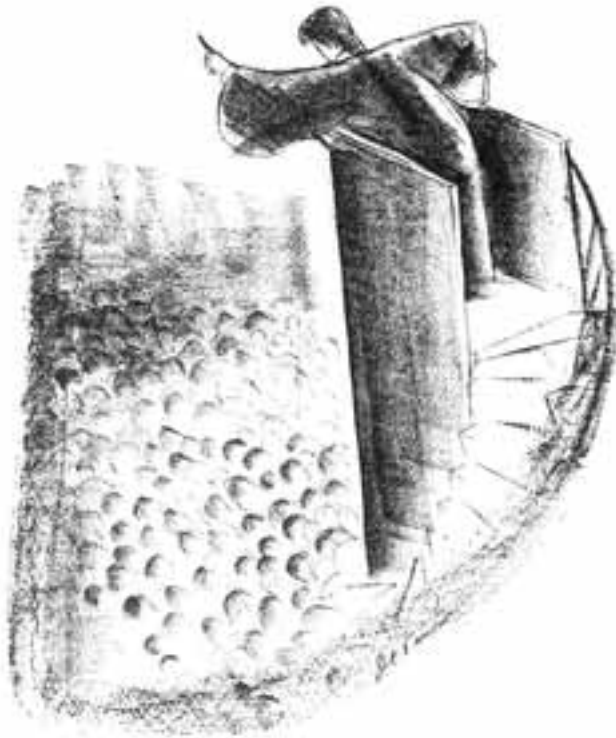
THE HOST'S VALET WITH A PRETTY TASTE IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR



“Now, miss, who is the traffic officer, I or you?!”



On Beautifying the City



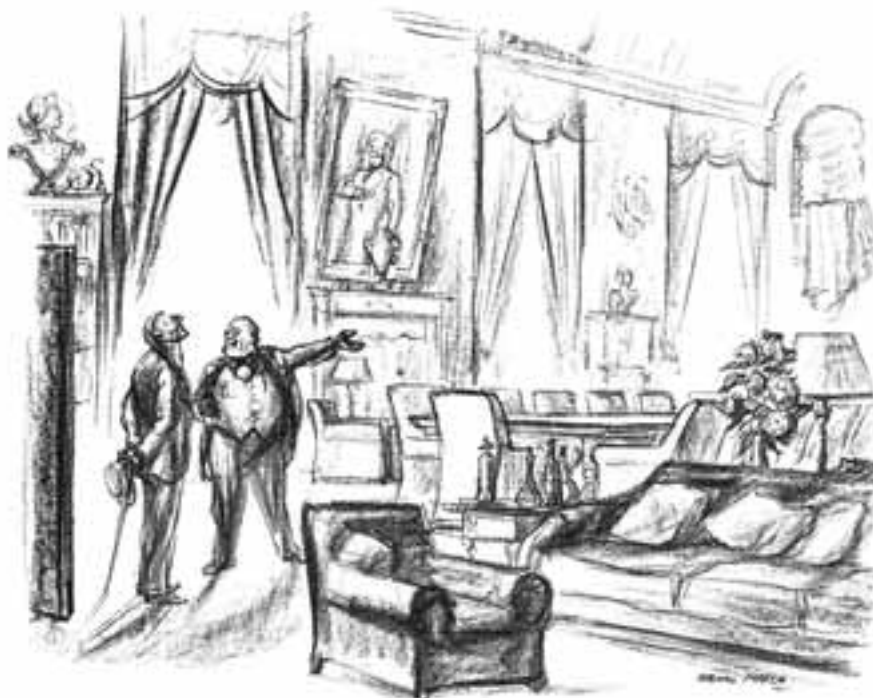
*“Would you like your mother or grandmother to go
bathing without stockings? Think of it, in God’s ocean!”*



"Something for a man with a Roman nose."



"Say, buddy, you don't intend to park here, do you?"



*“Now this is our Board of Directors Room—
where we can meet in comfort and forget we are in business.”*



"Good luck, old fellow! And remember, if you need help I am always to be found at the Union League."



“My dear, what shall I wear to be X-rayed in?”



"My dear, I heard the funniest joke . . .



. . . oh, it was so comical! . . .



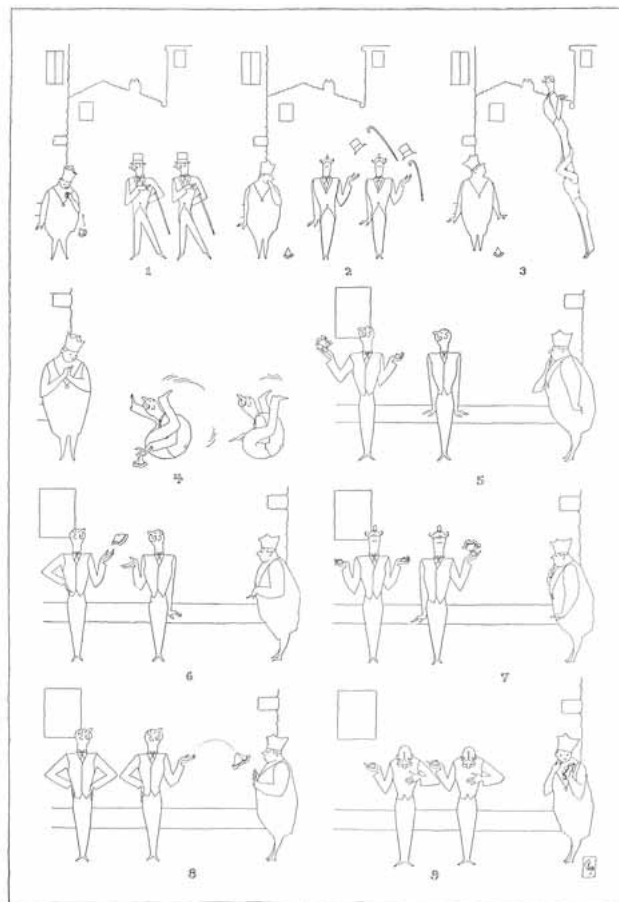
. . . I do wish I could recall it!"



“Whoops! Hand me a brick, dearie—there’s a blinkin’ Channel swimmer right under us.”



“Now tell me everything about myself. I can afford it.”



THE FRINELLI BROTHERS, ACROBATS,
PICK UP A LADY'S HANDKERCHIEF



“Remember, I am an emotional type.”

“Yes, I’m just putting that in now.”



“Much of a crowd today, Jerry?”

“Naw—I don’t think they like the color.”



The Smith Brothers start out for vengeance



On Beautifying the City



“Did you actually pose for that picture?”
“Heavens, no! He painted it from memory.”



“Henry dear, please don’t let the d-o-g see you eating that c-a-n-d-y.”



THE LITERARY ASPECT

*“Ya-a-as. I do hope Dempsey whips the fellow.
I’m fed up on that rot by Shaw.”*



"I don't think you love me any more, Herbert."
"Yes I do, dear. I'm just not the demonstrative type."



CARILLONEUR: *"Just a little composition of my own."*



*"Poor dear, he's had two strenuous
telephone calls this afternoon."*



*"Lordy! That cat'll be the
death o' me yet. How
'm I gonna get 'er down?"*

*"Try tossin' a bit o' catnip
on top o' th' major's busby,
dearie. That'll bring 'em both
down—WHOOOPS!"*



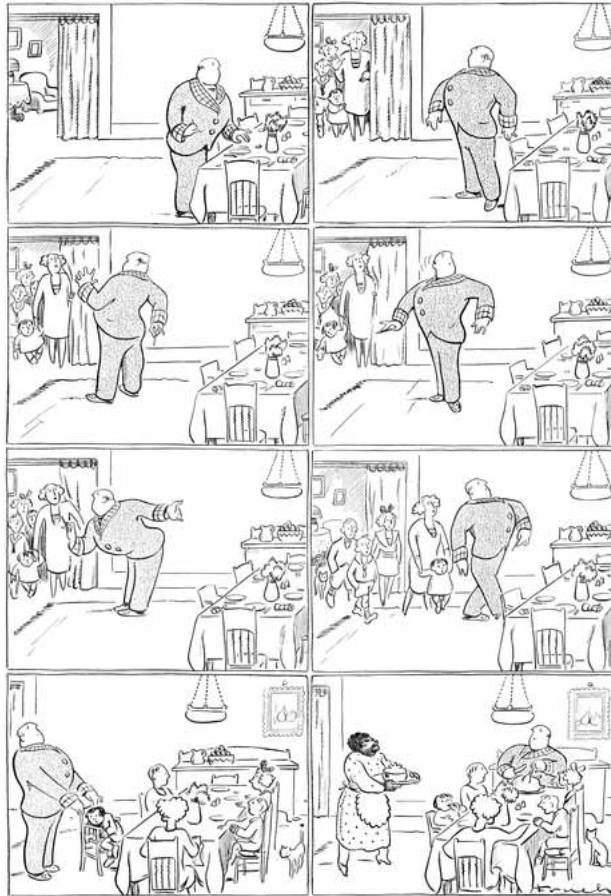
“Zounds, old man! Don’t touch my still life.”



The Doorbell!!



*"Good morning, Madam . . .
I'm the Fuller Brush man!"*



THE HEAD-WAITER HAS A SUNDAY DINNER AT HOME

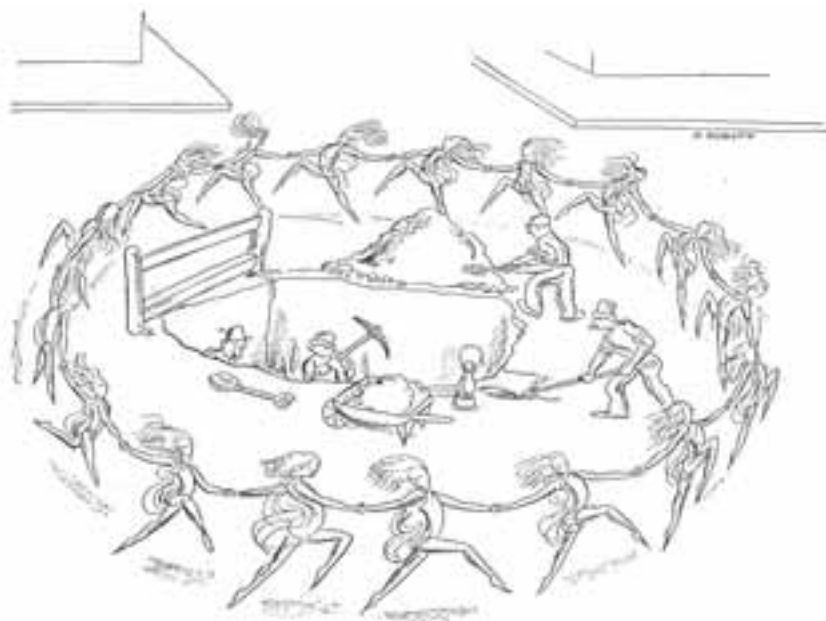


"Say, Doc, do me a favor. Just keep your eye on Consolidated Can Common, and if she goes bearish tell my broker to sell and get four thousand shares of P. & Q. Rails Preferred on the usual margin. Thanks."



APPRENTICE: *"Gee, but this is some swell joint!"*

MASTER MECHANIC: *"Aw, you're green. This ain't nothing but a dump. Wait till you get around and you'll see some regular dives."*



On Beautifying the City

Otto Soglow (9/10/1927)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



“Hey, you poor fool—can’t you read!?”



*"Give me a Sportsman's
Chocolate Bracer, please."*



"What, young man? You double me?"



"Dad, when is your birthday?"

"Oh, some time in the spring."

"Father, what do I get on your birthday?"



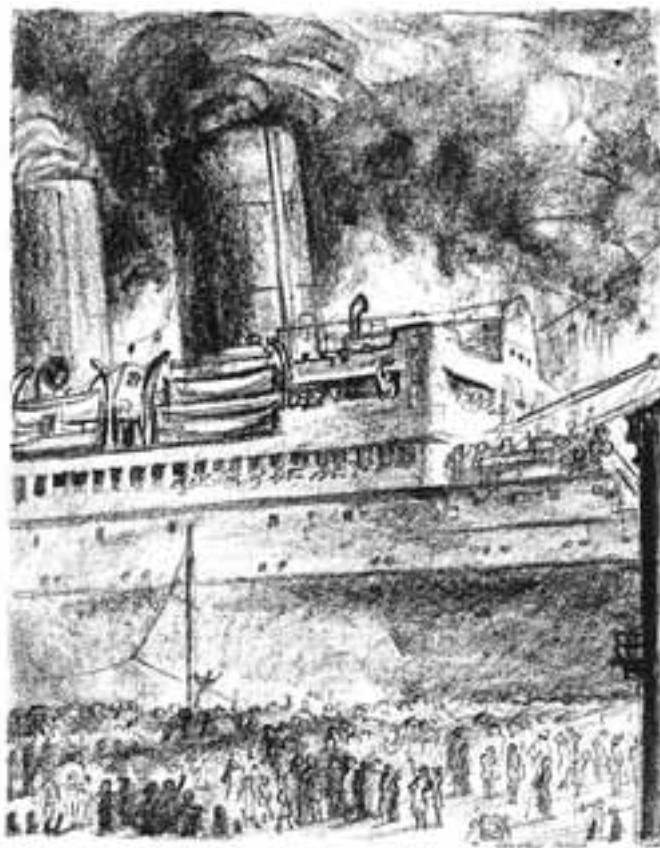
SOCIAL MENACES
The Salad Mixer



“Of course she has everything—but what’s that!”



*“What service! That janitor’s forgotten
to sweep the sidewalk again.”*



“Yoohoo—tell mother I got her you-knows.”



*"I'm sorry, son, I can't afford to send you
to college. But I'll buy you a fur coat."*



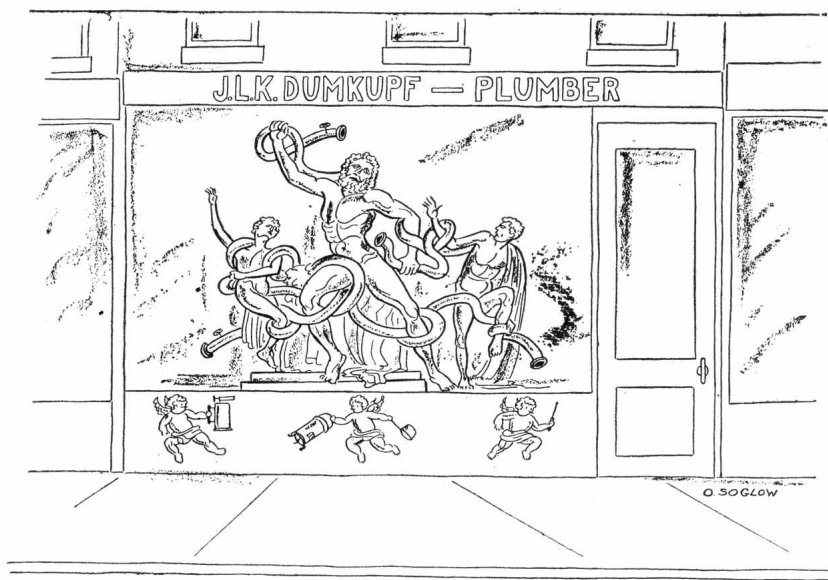
Suggested radiator cap for Mr. Ford's new model



“Yes’m, ’e was kinda puny all summer, but since the magician at th’ Palace pulled a rabbit outa ’is throat, ’e’s bin feelin’ better.”



The ex-taxi driver forgets himself



On Beautifying the City



*"Fit' Avenue! Bless me Aunt Hannah, Bruce, if
I ain't sick'n tired o' workin' for a lotta foreigners."*





CHILDS—3 A. M.

“Who—the good-lookin’ kid that just knocked over the table? Lord, no! He’s one of the Scrapples—you know—the Philadelphia Scrapples.”



"That Louis What's-his-name sure could make a chair."



"Oh father, dear father, come home with me now."



SOCIAL MENACES
The Raconteur



“Yes, madam, this painting, ‘Dawn,’ is one of the rarest examples of the artist’s second phase.”

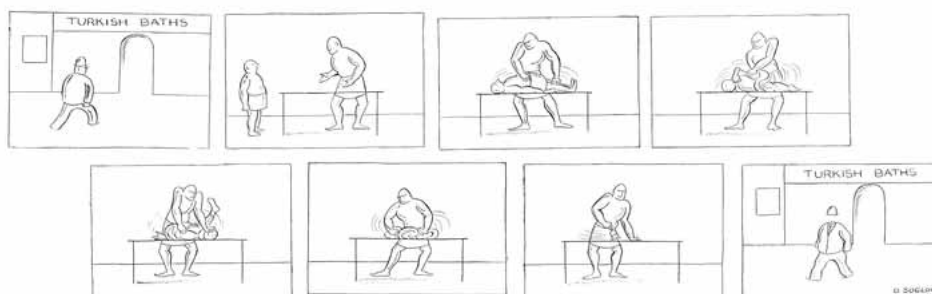
“But isn’t it so rare it won’t be recognized?”



*"I say, Mildred, have you finished telling
Vera about—you know—about life yet?"*



*"Ever write a poem, Madge?" "No."
"You ought to try it. It's great fun. That's the
way all the poets have started, you know."*





*"A cheap bunch, this Broadway crowd, if you ask me, Julian—
let's squeeze over to Fift' and pick up a coupla débutantes."*



*“... and her operation was the sort
that you can’t very well talk about.”*

“What a shame!”



DIRTY WORK AT THE UNION LEAGUE

The waiting list bribes the attendants to speed things up



“Oh, Bertie, I just love it! There are the most adorable Chinese beads on the window shades!”



"She passin', boy?"

"Yassuh. And in passin' is how yo' got to note her."



*"You have quite a military figure, sir.
West Point man?"*

"No—Roxy."

MANNEQUIN SEASON (I OF 3)



"You see you've got to have something hanging down—that's what makes her look so thin."

MANNEQUIN SEASON (2 OF 3)



Paquin's evening wrap and its prospective buyers

MANNEQUIN SEASON (3 OF 3)



*Buyers from the big open spaces learn
what will be the biggest coat in New York*



“... And after giving you (sniff!) the best years of my life!”

“Yeah, An’ who made ’em the best years?”



“Oh, I adore music. Do you play the nocturne?”

“Which nocturne, madame?”

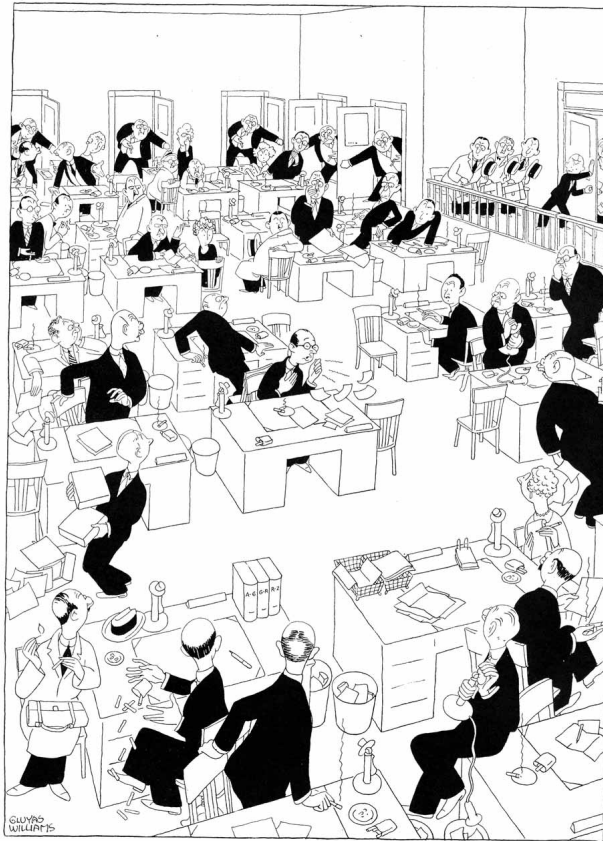
“Oh—the nocturne—you know.”



“—because she loves nice things.”



“Mother, who is that gentleman?”



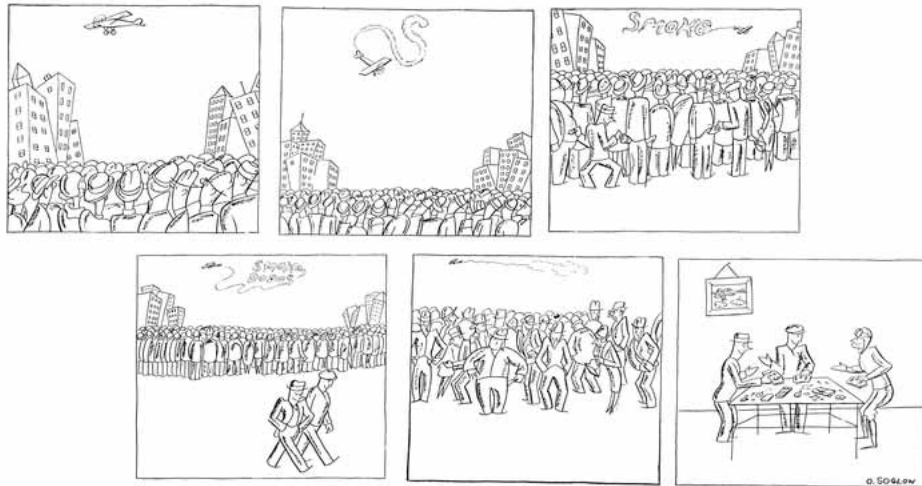
INDUSTRIAL CRISES

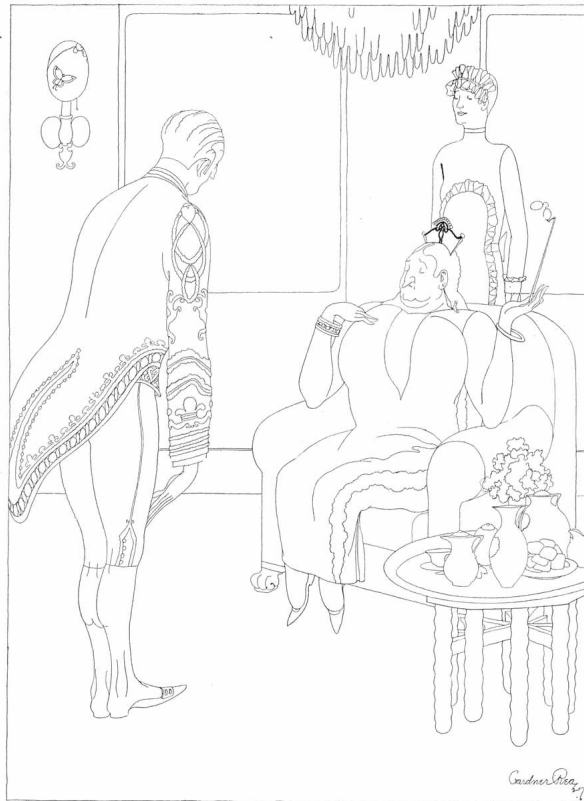
*Unfortunate occurrence in the general offices
of a well-known cigarette manufacturer*



"I suppose they'll be tearing it up again soon."

"Oh yes, but we'll get it finished before that."





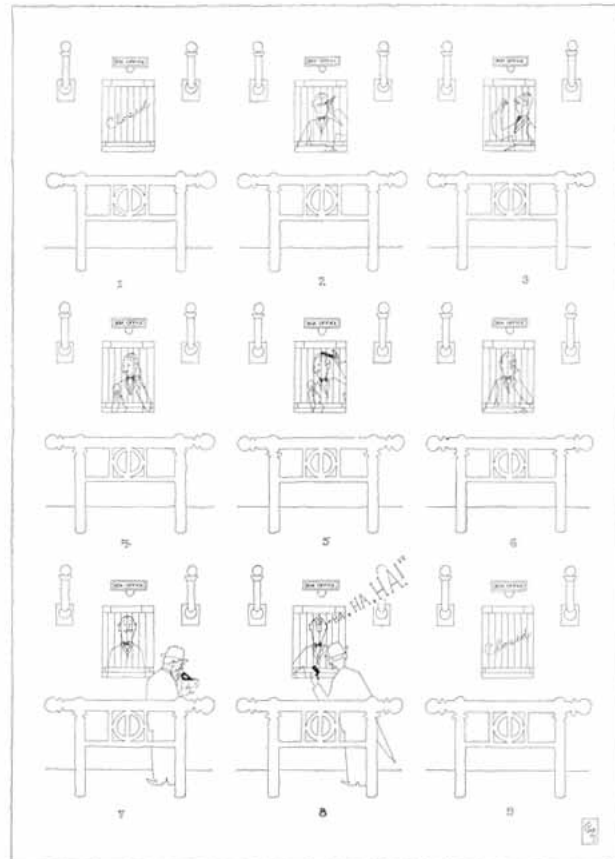
"I am gratified to learn that you have just been presented with a son and heir, Peters—and I do trust you've seen to it that he inherits your legs."



"This is the young lady I want you to meet sometime, Bill."



*"I think Henry'd make a marvellous husband—
he's so kind to animals."*



THE DAY OF A BOX-OFFICE MAN



*“Yes, we named her Mavis Dorine—
isn’t it lovely? We got it over the radio.”*



“All right, Jake. Another Rembrandt.”



“Really, Professor, I’m surprised that with your cultural background you’ve never heard of a ‘special body.’”





*"I too am really an idealist, my dear,
but life has been very cruel to me."*



“Your architect must be a genius!”

*“Oh, my dear, I gave him so many suggestions—
he really only drew the plans.”*



"Mus'n't touch, sweetheart—mamma spank!"



"Ahem! Now what was I saying?"
"My dear man, how should I know?"

So you're going to 59th Street!



1. Be sure to choose a careful driver, so the journey is in some parts dangerous.



2. You will find a pleasant patch of road around the Grand Central



3. At 45th Street - you will see interesting holes and derricks which your driver will explain.



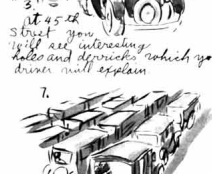
4. Turn toward Madison (your driver will have a few words to say here also).



5. There is occasionally a lovely stretch of road between 45th and 46th Street.



6. But then you will come to another hole.



7. Turn west again. It is the custom to take a short nap on the main streets.



8. At Fifth Avenue, change your last and take a bus.



9. (It is cheaper to sleep in a bus than in a taxi) In about an hour get off.



10 - and force. You may through to 59th Street, then turn.



11. And take the Lexington subway to 59th Street. Bon Voyage! W.F.H.



12. And take the Lexington subway to 59th Street. Bon Voyage! W.F.H.



“Three-minute eggs—and I only got a minute, see?”

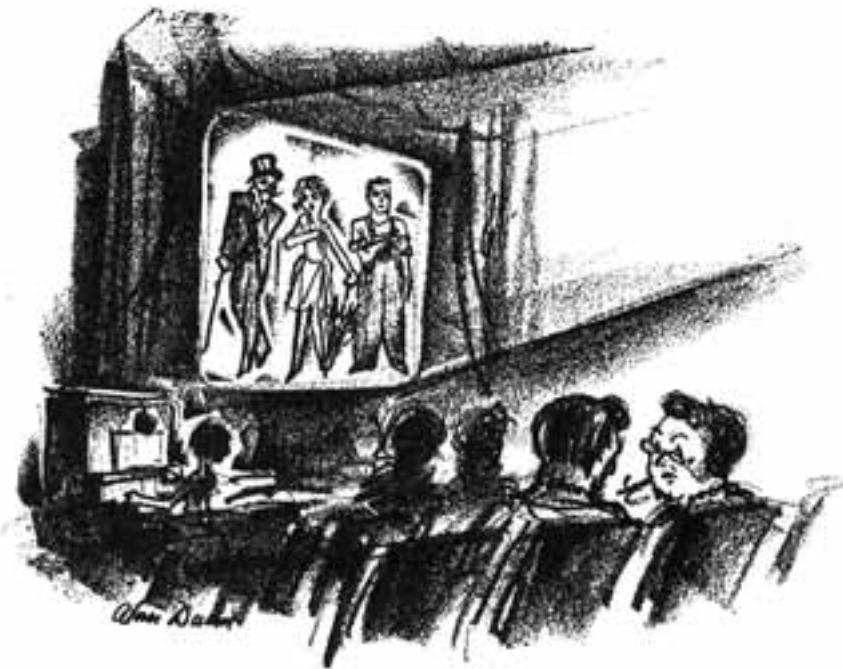


*“Gor, it’s nice t’ be sailin’ home again.
Have a bit o’ cake, madam?”*

*“Whoops! Wave a pickle in the ole buzzoon’s face,
dearie—she’s been ailin’ terrible t’day!”*



“Don’t weep, little willow—you’ll be a tabloid by and by.”



“Heavens!—I don’t know. What would you do if you were her?”



“How many calories without the sauce?”



*“Is Precious s’eeepy? Never ’oo mind—
we’ll go quick and get our facial.”*



*“And what does my boy want to be when he grows up—
a great engineer like Uncle Thurber?”*

“No. I wanna be a neurotic—like Papa.”



“Don't be afraid, sir. You know barking dogs never bite.”



"I consider this the shickest one we've seen yet."



Still Life



"Be thinking about what you'd like for lunch and dinner, Alfred."



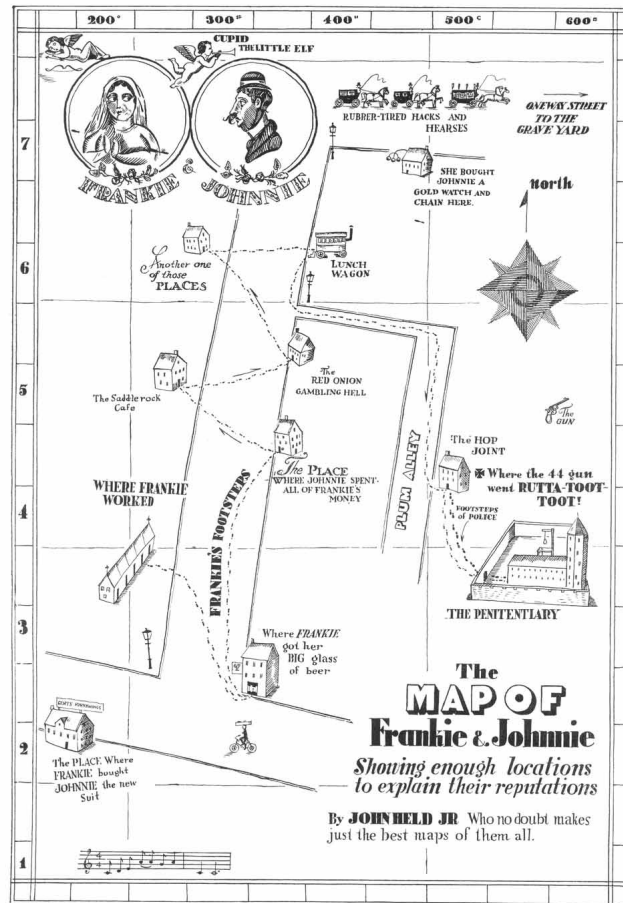
SOCIAL MENACES
The Psychic Hostess

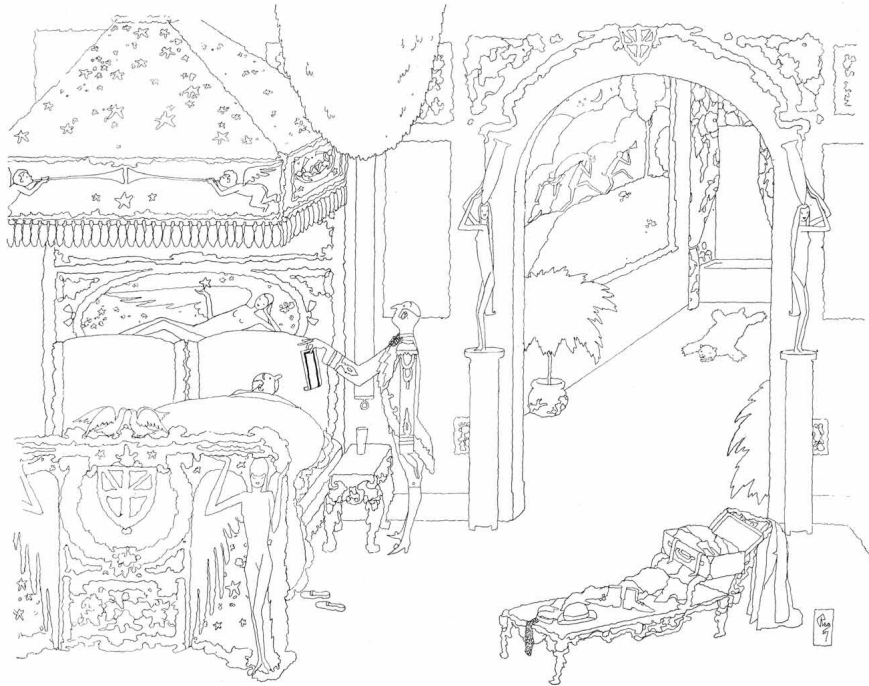


*"I'm familiar with your work, Mr. Dibble—you know,
I was so surprised to find you were still living!"*



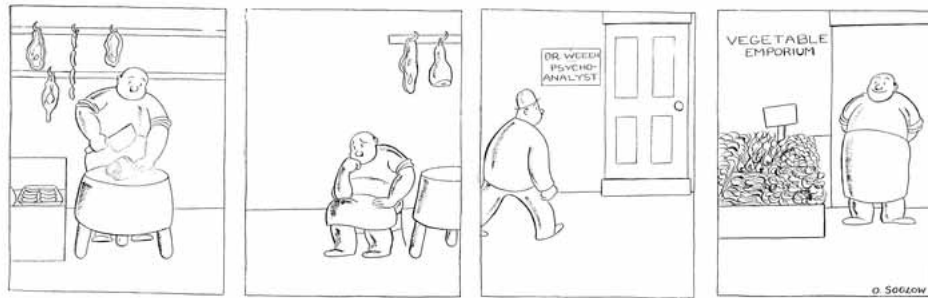
“Oh, Ma! Be expectin’ some comp’ny when you come down.”





SIXTEENTH FOOTMAN (to guest): *"Will you make your selection for this morning's song for the bath, sir? The organ plays at nine."*

1927





“Oh Clarisse, you’re so charmingly naïve.”



"Is he refined? My dear, he wears spats!"



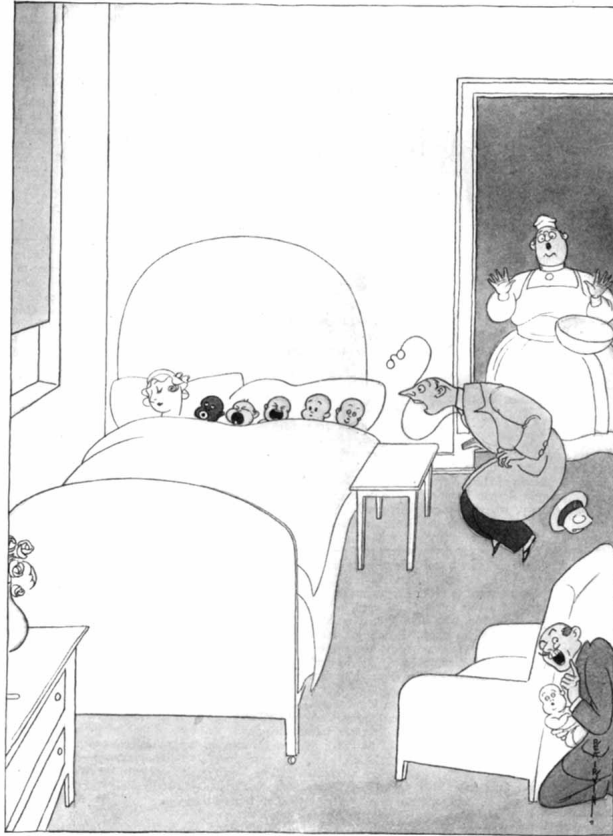
“Now, is that all, dearie? Don’t you need some underwear?”



"I won't be a minute, Henry, but I've simply got to run across the street and cut Mrs. Peebles."



*"Just to think, sugar, there was once a time when
I thought I could never understand women."*



SOCIAL MENACES
The Practical Joker



“Are you carrying a cane tonight?”

“No, I’m going to rough it.”



“Mamma, do you believe in Shakespeare?”



“Occupation?”
“Er—home girl.”



"He's a genius—don't you think?"

"Oh my yes! He's a friend of mine, you know."



“Good Lord! What’s happened to the bearded lady?”
“She mistook her Dunhill lighter for her Dunhill lipstick.”





*"I see riches . . . er . . . love . . . er . . . happiness . . .
er . . . a trip to Europe in the very near future."*



"Oh, Heavens! Boys my own age bore me to tears."



*Doubleday, Page & Company and the Doran
Company in the very act of merging into
Doubleday, Doran & Company.*



"My dear, I'm a wreck. I've just finished a whole book."

SQUASH—IN THE COLLEGE CLUBS



“Audacious fellow, to play on legs like that.”



Zero hour—the six o'clock shift waits to go on.



“Soir d’Amour—Maison Viví.”



"Oh, dear me—Autumn!"



“Light the mauve lights, Therese—I want to think.”

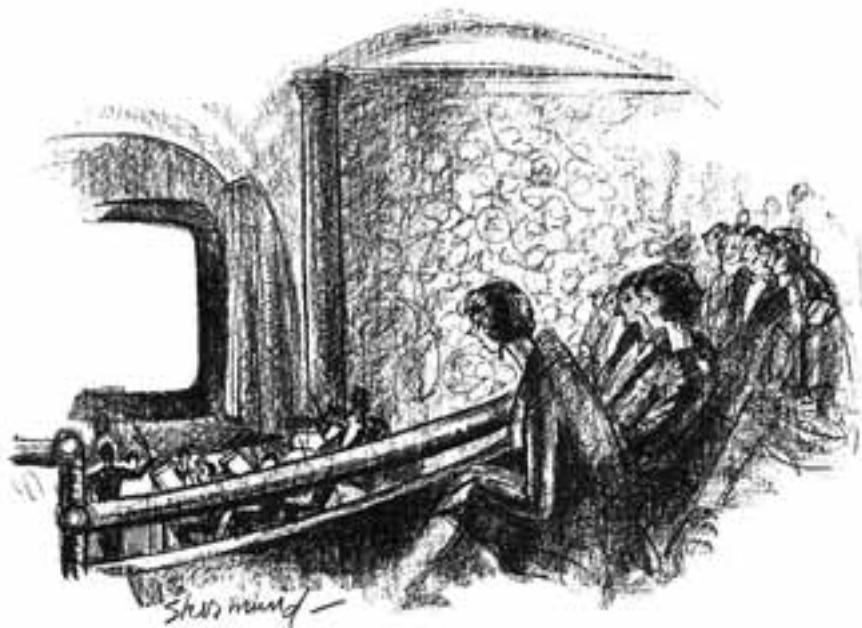


INDUSTRIAL CRISES

The day Cartier's were enjoined to repair an Ingersoll watch.



"He's the kind of boy who keeps a Pekinese."



*"Why, this orchestra is no good.
It doesn't even move up and down."*



QX13 VIA RADIO REYKJAVIK ICELAND 23 COLLECT
HELEN HACKBUT 4 EAST 60th STREET NY
DEAR HELEN JUST BAGGED WHALE LOVE HENRY



“G’wan, dearie—speak to ’im or somethin’ before he gets into ’is car!”

“Gor! The las’ time I spoke to an actor comin’ outa the stage door, ’e ’ands me nineteen pennies in a small bag an’ says, ‘A merry Michaelmas to yuh.’ Michaelmas me eye! It wasn’t even the Epiphany—Whoops!”



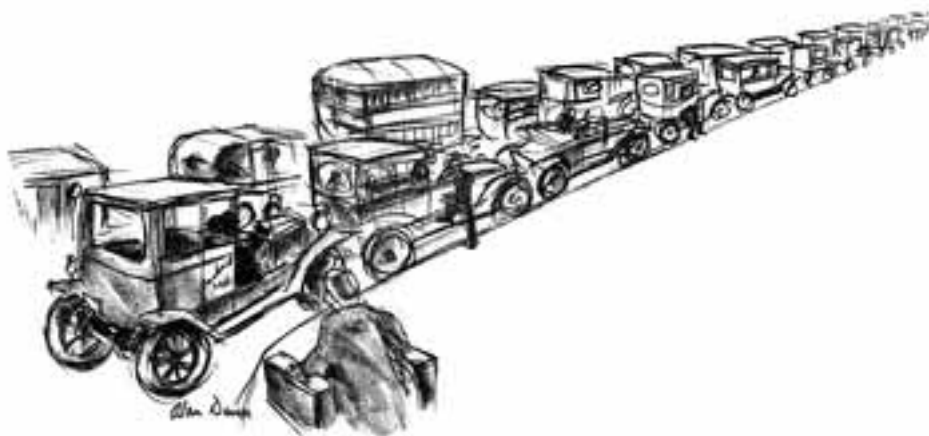
“Elwood, Fifi wants another cone.”



“Down six hundred! Well—we had simple honors.”



"No, my dear, you are too emotional to have a yacht of your own."



*“To the Pennsylvania Station—and double fare if you
make it in five minutes!”*



*"... I took one look at his nails and I sez,
'Well, it takes all kinds to make a world.'"*



"John, there's an installment due tomorrow and I can't remember whether it's the sixth on the radio, the fourth on the oil burner, or the ninth on my operation."



"Look, Mame, a long skirt!"

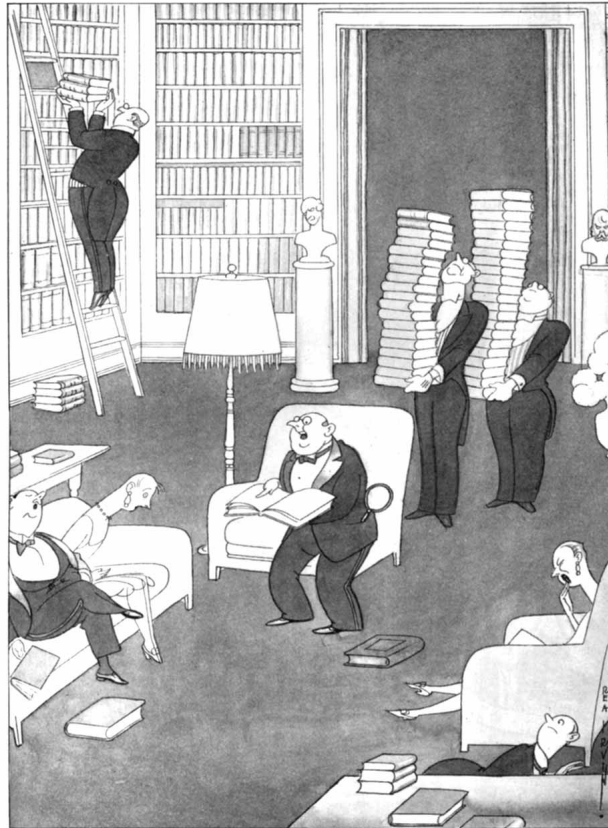
"Pooh! She's just trying to be conspicuous."



*"Let's eat in tonight, Joe—
I'm bored with home cooking."*



*“Yes, it’s my son. A nice boy but
so mid-Victorian, poor dear!”*

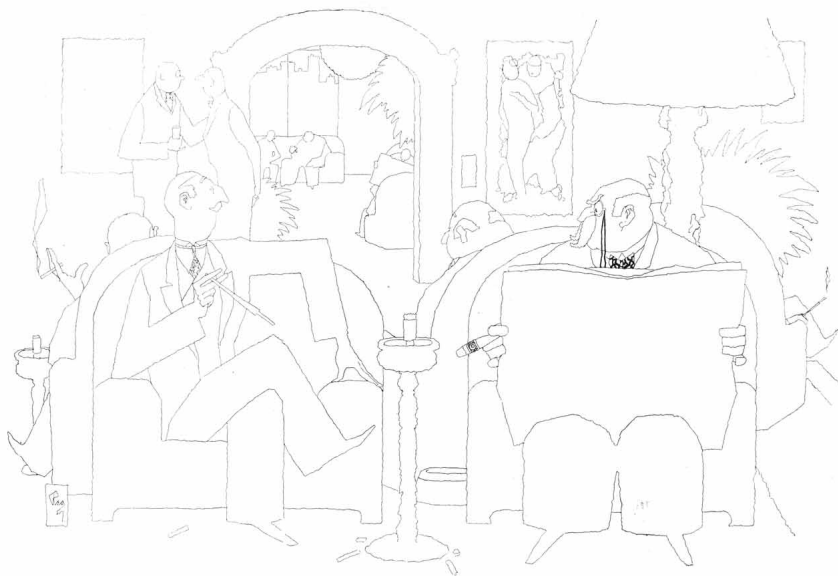


SOCIAL MENACES
The First-Edition Fiend



THE UPPER CRUST

"Now be on hand to pick us up at every rise in the road."



“Going South again this year, Major?”

“Sir, it’s the South’s turn!”



*“Here y’are boss—Big Sex Probe! Read aboutcha
red-hot pettin’ papa’s raid on Love Queen’s kiss-nest!”*



“Something scientific—on marriage.”



"Oh, Mr. Pym, we hear you're a poet!"

"I try to be—"



“What’s the matter, Bub; waiting for your favorite color?”



"Is it good, Joe?"

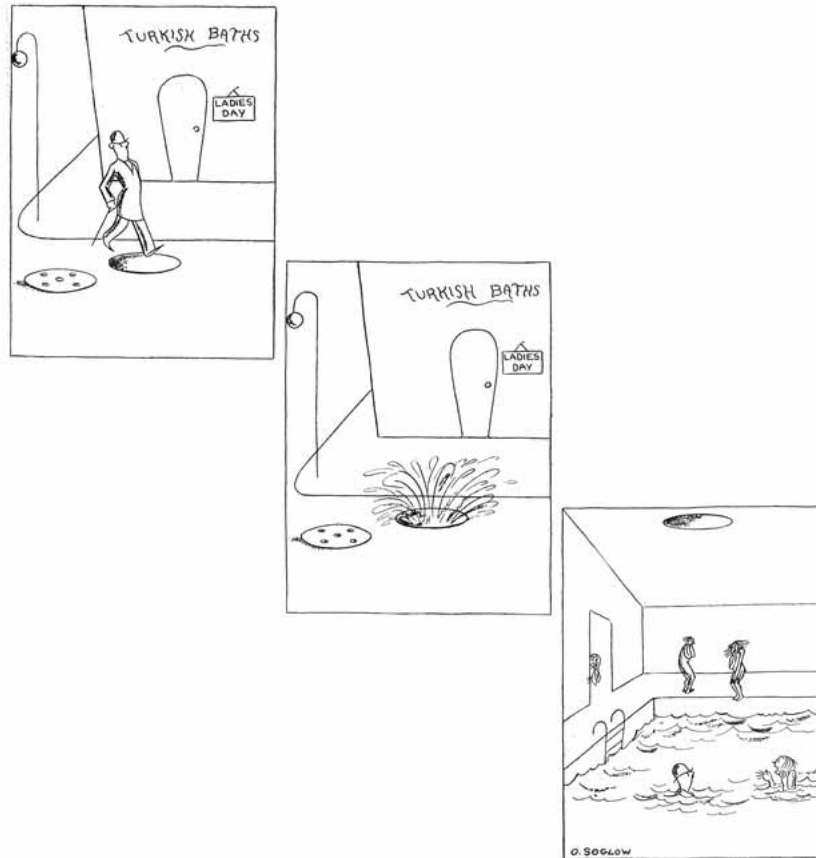
"Well—he don't look to me like he was in the pink."



“Rumors? O’ course I’ve heard th’ rumors. But they ain’t true about ’er. Gor! If she wuz really knock-kneed she’d ’a wracked ’erself t’ pieces years ago—WHOOOPS!”



"You know, I'm just ruining my hands with this work, Albert."





"Mother could wear it."



*“... and as the setting sun casts its golden rays through
the courtesy of the Scripps-Howard newspapers it is
Dartmouth’s ball on their own one-yard sunset.”*



"Oh, Hortense! Do you think you could ever learn to love me?"



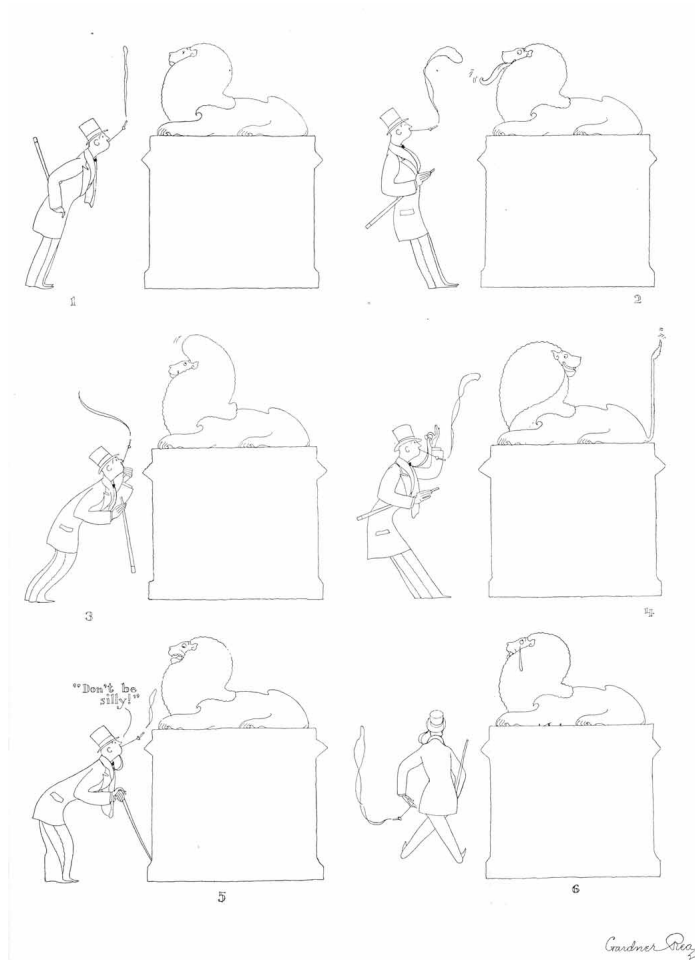
IN UENCE OF THE HUDDLE SYSTEM ON A BIG BUSINESS CONFERENCE



“We ought to do something for that poor man.”

“I’ll give him a ticket to the horse show.”





OUR FAVORITE MAN~ABOUT~TOWN, A BIT
BLOTTO, ENCOUNTERS THE LIBRARY LION



“... and don't go beyond W, Harold!”



“Oliver Wendell McIntosh speaking.”



FLEA TRAINER: *"Sara! You must never
let your public see you in this mood."*



*“What do you know, Mamma?—
hips are coming back next month.”*



*“Mine will be a marriage of convenience.
Father wants me to marry a Yale man
so that he can get football tickets.”*



*"You don't want anything, Henry.
Henry doesn't want any, Mr. Talbot."*



“Git on! Git on! What makes yuh so headstrong?”

SO YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY BRIDGE



1. First of all, be sure that it's raining - nobody wants to play bridge on a nice day.



2. Getting the fourth may be a bit trying. (The excuse is that a fourth can't think of 1!)



3. My dear, you should see the dining room! The ceiling fell and your sister saw such a mess in all your - " She means she can't come.



4. I would love to - but your friend that looked like a sewing box of mine with the silver flower - " She can't come either.



5. "I never played a game in my life, but I'll try anything once." Now you have your fourth.



6. Then look into your gin supply -



7. You had better run out to your front on the corner and get another bottle.



8. On your way home get a chunk of ice.



9. At the last minute don't forget to dash out and get some cards.



10. By four o'clock you should be ready to play - but



11. The door bell will ring - to the other fourth - they found they could come.



12. Give your place to one of them and have a nice game of pardsai with the other. Well - Happy Bridge Party!



"I'm getting damn sick of this sort of thing!"



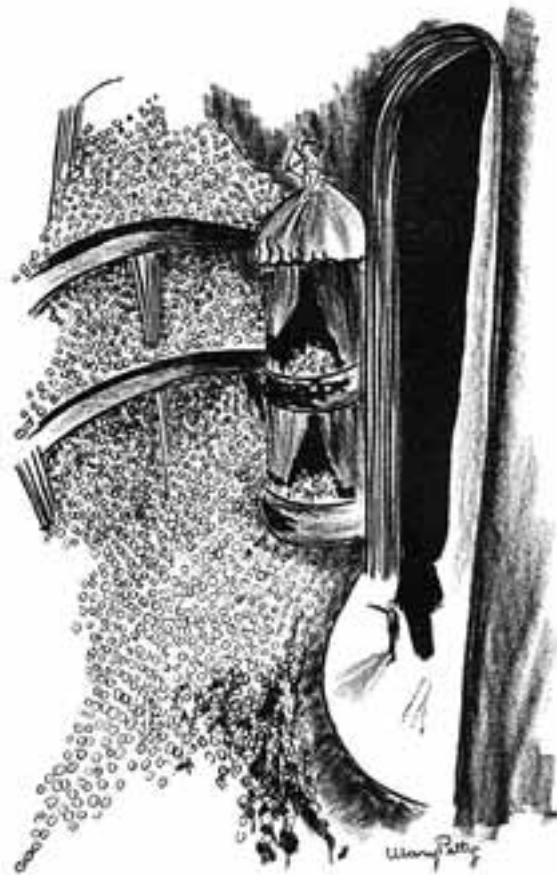
"Oh, Jerry, wouldn't you love to own that darling lavallière?"



“Anything at all, mister. I want to go home to mamma.”



"Oh, Mr. Trimble, you're such a boy!"



“And I want each one of you to promise me one thing . . .”



*“When this is finished it goes to Aunt Minnie.
She always gives me terrible presents.”*



*“ . . . really, my dear, I’ve been so
bored with myself lately, it would
only take a teenie weenie bit
of coaxing to get me to join
a transatlantic airplane flight.”*



*“Broadway’s all right, but you haven’t
got the social life we got in Queens.”*



“And be sure to put her initial on. ‘S’—for Snookums.”



“Oh, garçon!”



SOCIAL MENACES
The Host With Democratic Tendencies

Rea Irvin (11/26/1927)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"Something quiet—for a middle-aged lady."



“So I says to him, ‘Companionate marriage my eye!’ ”



"Darn those pedestrians!"



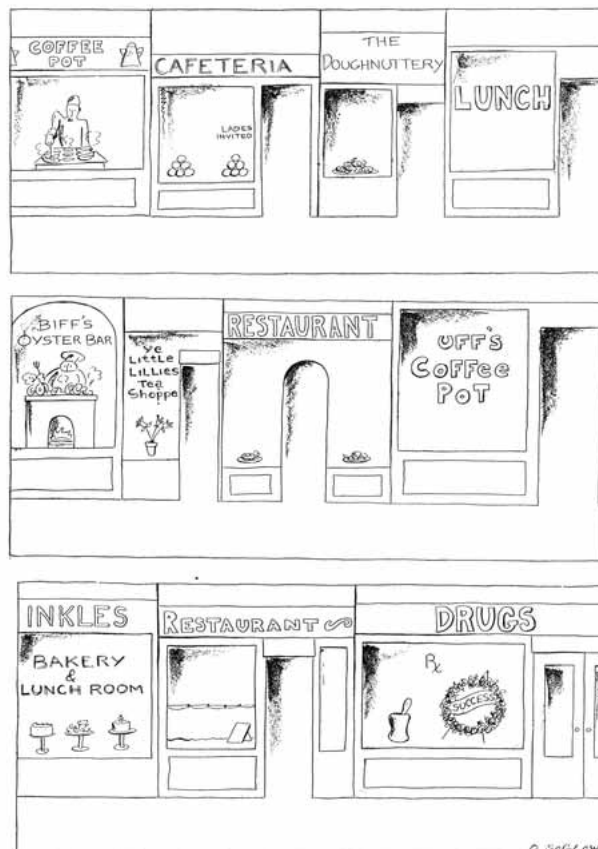
“... and furthermore I will listen to a motion authorizing me to instruct the secretary to expunge Mrs. Winsted’s rude remark from the minutes.”



“Action! More action! Show him that you love him!”



*"I always like dancers at parties—
musicians are so sensitive; they don't
like you to talk while they're playing."*





*"I am simply crazy about Ramon Novarro—
as an actor, of course."*



*“Milton, I believe I’ve found a first edition—
the pages are still uncut!”*



“Well, for Pete’s sake, what’s the idea?”

*“Sssh, I’m rehearsing for our luncheon
at Alice Foote MacDougall’s.”*



*“Mother, had you known many men
when you married Daddy?”*

“No, dear.”

“Well, I think that’s a shame.”



INDUSTRIAL CRISES

The Spinster Finds a Man Under a Simmons Bed.



*“George? I’m at Brentano’s.
What books hasn’t your mother read?”*



*“Don’t like it at all . . . poor projection . . . rotten continuity
. . . overlit . . . no subtlety in the camera angles . . . terrible.”*



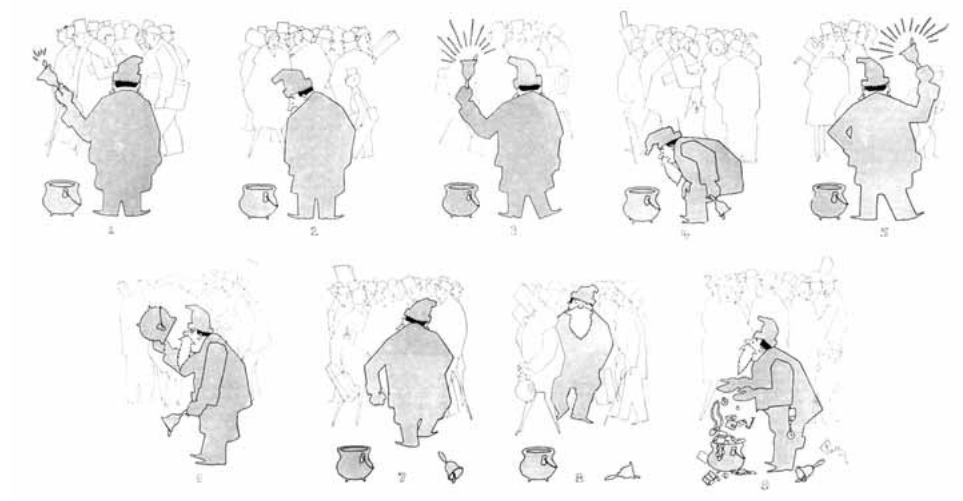
*“Famous artist, me eye! Infamous, I call ’im—askin’ a maiden lady t’ pose
for ’im—even if she is draped.”*

“Well, it’s about time me shape got some recognition.”

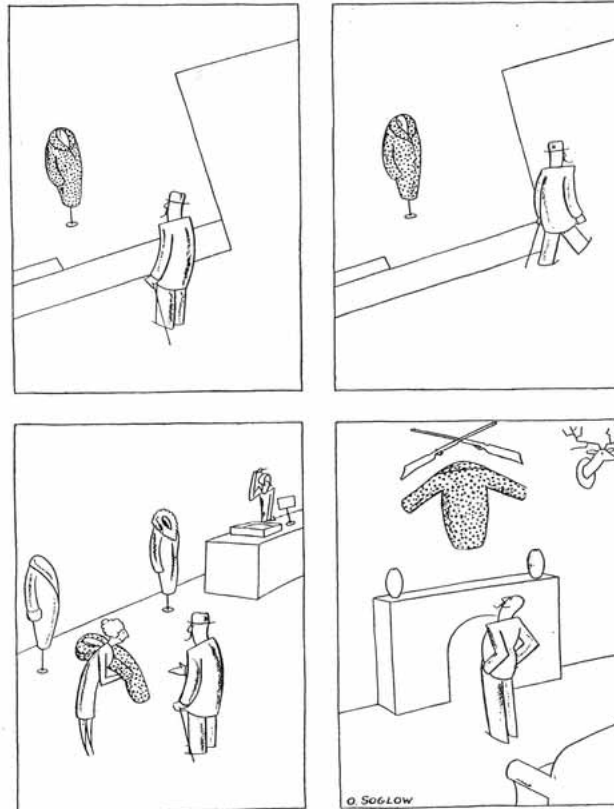
*“Recognition? Gor—if’e ever publishes it you’ll be recognized all right.
Even with a mask on— Whoops!”*



"They've discontinued the almond, madam; could you use the pecan?"



Down But Not Out: Dan, the Ex-dip, Makes Good

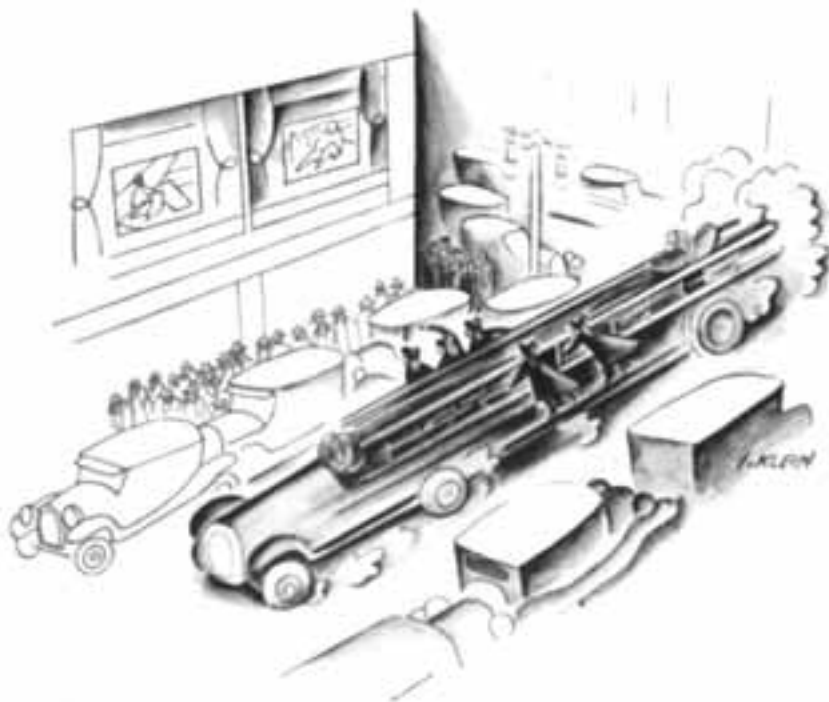




“Good morning, sir, and how did your garters look this morning?”



“Don’t get too long a string, Madam. People will know they aren’t real.”



"I wonder, boys, if that Matisse will stand more than this hurried inspection."



It was not until the Johnstown flood that they met again



"But Lucille, Mrs. Oliver really ought to have a thirty-seven piece luncheon set."



SOCIAL MENACES
The Household Disciplinarian

Rea Irvin (12/10/1927)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



“Whoops! Ostrich feathers—the blinkin’ croquette.”



*"All right, you brute! After that you just
needn't give me anything for Christmas."*



*"My dear, where did you get
your lovely beige complexion?"*



SHE: *"And now, I suppose, we must assume that the Neanderthal Man is our direct ancestor."*

HE: *"Well, you mustn't forget that the line of descent from the Java Man and the Rhodesian Man has not yet been solved, and I hardly fancy that we can accept Hrdlicka's contentions as the definitive solution."*



"What's the matter with it?"

"Just waiting for favorable weather, I guess."



“Good Heavens, my dear! Here comes one of those healthy dancers.”



*“Ferry boats nothin’—ain’t you
got Holland Vehicular Tubes?”*



*“Have you ‘The Funny Froggy’ and
Little Mischief’ Bubble Records?”*



"As I was sayin' . . ."



*"Well, here's all the hair off
your head, old man!"*



“Very well, Jarves; tell the folks I’m home for the holidays—and can you find out how much my Christmas cheque from Dad will be this year?”



“You stayed away merely because your sister had a baby?”

“No’m; ah didn’t feel so good mahsef.”



“Good God, woman! Think of the social structure!”



*"We can't have any children, you know.
The management won't let us."*



"Whoops! Catch 'im in the withers, dearie!"

MATINEE (I OF 4)



*“Isn’t it funny? I never thought how they could put on
Pepys’ Diary before, but this is how they could do it.”*

MATINEE (2 OF 4)



“Good-bye, girls—see you next Wednesday.”

MATINEE (3 OF 4)



AT GRAY'S: *"Anybody want 'Sin'?"*

MATINEE (4 OF 4)



"Look—that's a four-piece living-room suite!"



THE FELLOW WHO HAS READ FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY.
KNOCKS THEM COLD AT THE LOTOS CLUB



*"Well, I didn't bother much this year.
I'm just giving everybody garters."*



At Abercrombie & Fitch's: *"Is that a man,
Mummy, or do I take my hat off?"*



"Sorry, sir, but it's against the law to serve ginger ale."





Hey, Mother



*... Santa brought
me ...*



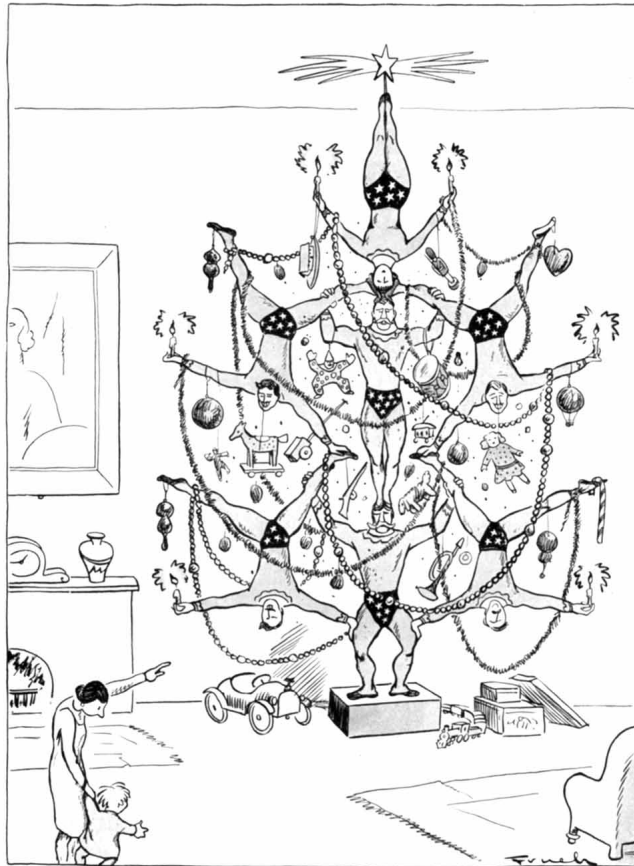
*... a watch.
Where's the ...*



... screwdriver?"



*"No, no, Jones, leave the curtains open tonight.
We must remember the poor people on the streets."*



Christmas morning in the home of the seven Fratrzettis



*“... the truth, the whole truth, and nothing
but the truth, so help you ...”*

“So ’elp me!”

“So ’elp ’er? Whoops—she’ll need it!”



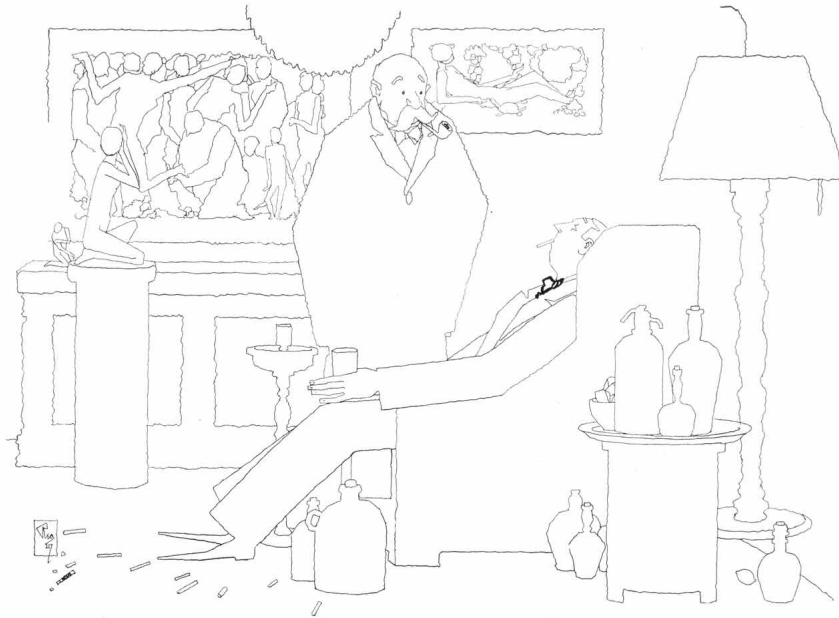
"And you really have to shave twice a day?"



“Yes, Mattie, I’d trust my little girl anywhere.”

“Well, Mother, I like that!”





HOST (a keen fancier): *"Care to have a look at the Buff-Orpingtons, old fellow?"*

"No, thanks. I've seen a Buff-Orpington."

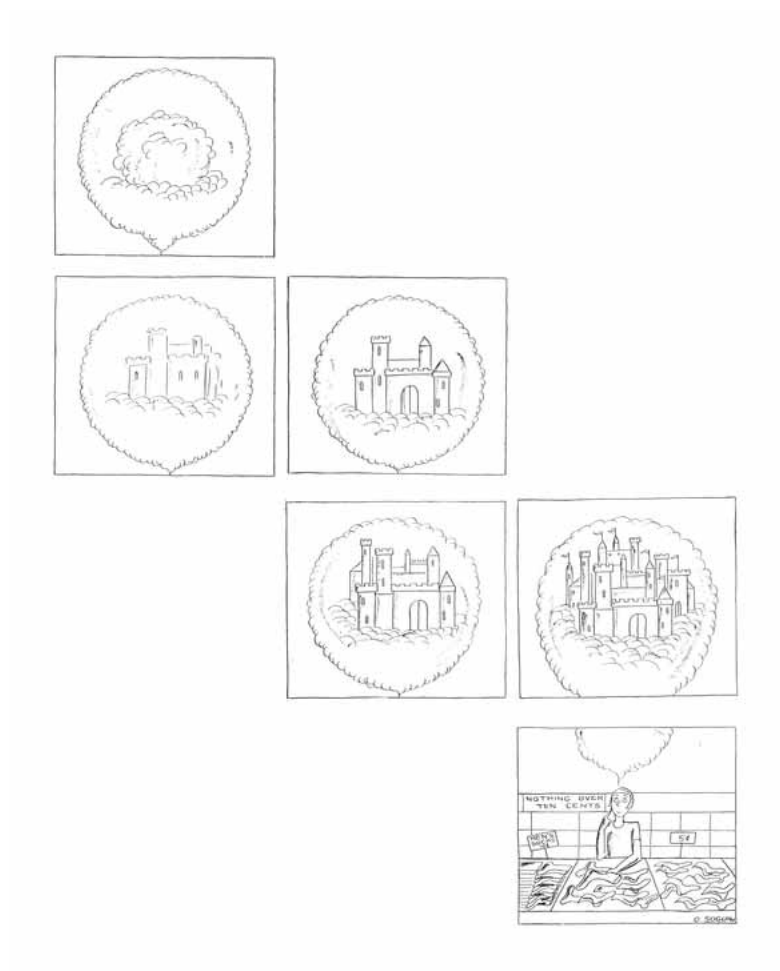


"Merry Christmas, Meadows."

"Merry Christmas, sir. Will that be all for the present, sir?"

"That will be all, Meadows."

"Thank you, sir."





“Does she ever wear a scanty?”

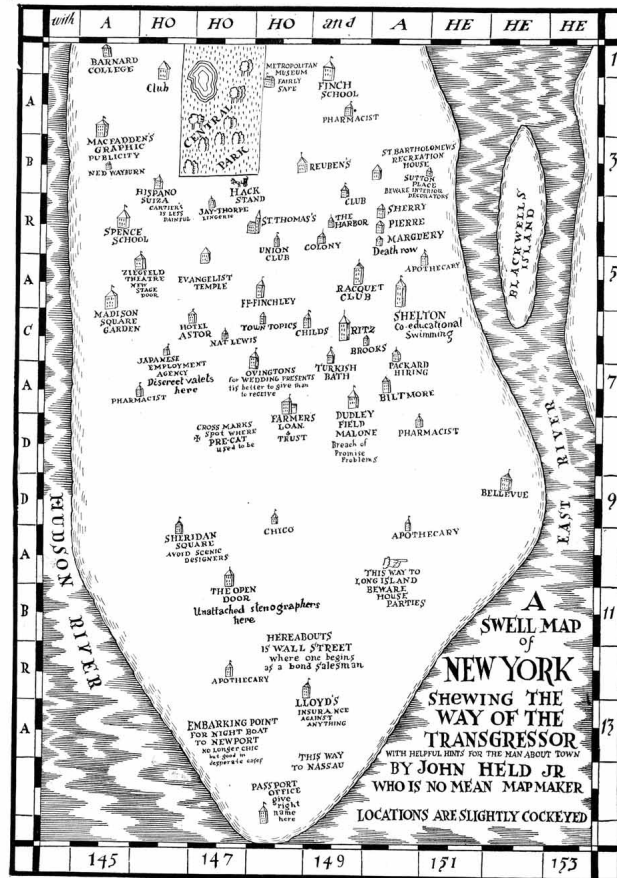
“Er—um—a what?”



"I don't care what he does—as long as he's healthy."



“... and don't forget the ingredients.”





“Well, he give you a ring, didn't he?”

“Yeah, from jew'lry an' notions!”



“My dear, he was quite a bachelor—but he’s married now.”



*“Oh dear, I think Pelléas and Mélisande
have been quarrelling again.”*



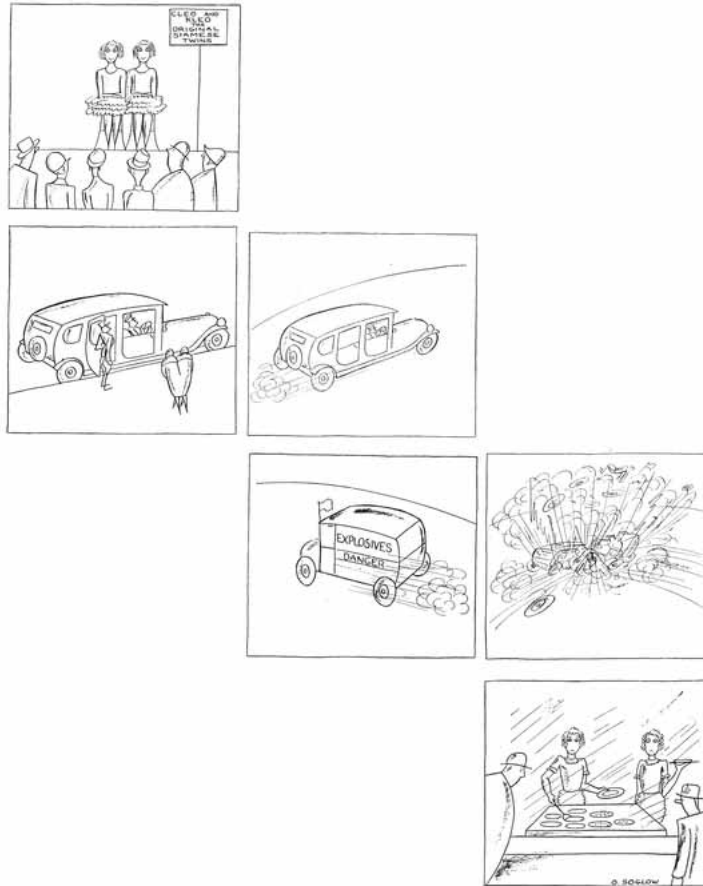
“Ha, ha, old man! Where’d you get that tie? A present, eh?”

“No.”

“Er—oh!”



“Aw, for Heaven’s sake, don’t I know—don’t I know!”





*"I'm sorry, madam; I'll do the best I can,
but Mr. O'Connor takes care of cases like you."*